

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 774, Vol. 30.

August 27, 1870.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE WAR.

THERE can be no doubt that the result of the three great battles of last week was to shut up in Metz the main body of BAZAINE's army. We now know with tolerable accuracy the general outlines of these three battles. The action of Sunday the 14th was an attack on the part of the Germans to retard the movement of the French army from Metz. The Germans made this attack with their usual vigour and recklessness of life. They pushed the enemy towards the outlying forts of Metz, when they themselves were exposed to a fire that they could not stand, and could get no farther. But they succeeded more or less in their object. They forced the French to retire very slowly. They showed the necessity of proceeding very cautiously, and of keeping the whole French army together. If the battle of Sunday had not been fought, a considerable portion of the French army would have been safe on its way to Verdun. But by Tuesday morning the Germans had crossed the Moselle in such force, and the French had gone so slowly forward on the Monday, that the Germans, although much inferior in numbers, ventured to try to head the French back; and as reinforcements came up they succeeded. The battle, although a bloody one, was not probably very disastrous to the French. But although BAZAINE could say with truth that he had repelled the attack, it was equally true that he had been prevented from moving a mile nearer to Verdun. It was obvious that a great battle for the possession of the road to Verdun must be fought, and it was fought on the 18th. BAZAINE had used the interval with good sense and with much energy. He posted his army in a position of the most formidable strength, and everything was done to give the men all the advantages which the nature of the ground afforded. In this position they were attacked on the 18th by an army larger than their own, and equally determined. Prodiges of valour were displayed on both sides. The effect of the fire of the improved implements of destruction was tremendous, and the mitrailleurs produced real results for the first time. The German infantry three times faced the severest fire of the French, and were three times not so much driven back as annihilated. At last, almost after dark, the French right was turned. The numbers of the Germans had prevailed. The French then retired to Metz, and the road to Verdun was left in the possession of the enemy. That this was the real history of last week seems to us proved by irresistible evidence, although the French Government speaks with confidence of BAZAINE having either achieved, or of his having placed himself in a position to command, success; and it is extremely improbable that this is a mere invention of Count PALIKAO, designed to keep up the spirits of the French and to float the new loan. But every statement that comes from German sources is consistent, and is corroborated by numerous avowals and coincidences coming from the French themselves. That BAZAINE himself should have escaped and have left his army behind is possible, but it would be of no great advantage to France; and, at the end of a week since the last battle, we may ask, if BAZAINE is not in Metz, where is he? The Germans say that they have now isolated Metz, that they command the approaches on all sides, and that the bulk of BAZAINE's army is shut up in the fortress. MACMAHON is said to have avowed that this is true, unless, indeed, his statement to this effect is a blind intended to conceal his real destination. He goes, he says, to relieve BAZAINE, knowing as he does that this will leave the road to Paris open. Various ingenious suggestions might be made, or have been made, to show that the situation is better for the French than it seems. But there is no evidence to support them. They are all guesses. All that we know points to the simple conclusion that BAZAINE and his army are shut up in Metz.

and that MACMAHON is gone northwards to try to relieve him and co-operate with him if the investing force can be broken.

It is said that the Germans, with the promptitude and audacity they have shown throughout the war, have determined to accept the chance thus given, and have begun their onward march to Paris with all their available forces. Whether this is really their intention requires something more to support it than a telegram from Berlin. If it is true that the march to Paris has begun, then the KING, having united all that he thinks may be safely taken from before Metz with the army of the CROWN PRINCE, will, supposing MACMAHON is out of the way, march without any impediment until he is arrested by the fortifications of Paris. What is the number of men he could afford, or would think necessary, for a march on Paris, we see no clear ground for pretending to say. Different critics, all seeming to have got up the subject as well as they could, and to know all about it, put the figures of the estimated divisions of the two armies so very differently, they knock off fifty thousand here and put it on there, and deduct for losses and add for recruits so much at discretion, that the hesitating and unprofessional reader can find no solid footing in this watery waste of calculations. There are general facts which it is easy to understand. If BAZAINE has 100,000 men in Metz, and MACMAHON brings as many more to relieve him, their forces when united would form an army larger than any the Germans have yet had to contend against. If the investing force is not large enough to prevent the junction of the two sections of the French army, it stands a great risk of being beaten; and if it is beaten, then there will be a victorious French army between the KING and his country, which seems like a position full of danger for him. In the same way it is easy to understand that the fortifications for Paris are now ready; that they are manned by soldiers who, if raw, will fight bravely; that a thousand guns are in position, and that Paris is said to be sufficiently supplied with provisions to be able to depend wholly on itself for some weeks, and that the outlying forts are really strong places even according to the standard of modern warfare. Paris, therefore, might be able at least to occupy the attention and delay the triumph of the Germans for some time; and meanwhile there would be many chances that somewhere or other along the great distance between Paris and the German frontier the line of the German communications might be cut, and the German army be obliged to fall back for want of food and ammunition. These things are easy to understand; but if they are easy for foreign civilians to understand, they must be particularly easy for Count VON MOLTKE to understand. He doubtless knows where MACMAHON is, what he can do, and whether he is or is not likely to be able to relieve BAZAINE. He, Count VON MOLTKE, must have made up his mind as to what the fortifications of Paris are worth. If the Germans march on Paris, they will only do so, we may be sure, after the most anxious and exhaustive calculation of every probability. We have scarcely any of the elements of this calculation to guide us, and if we are inclined to criticism, our criticism is just as likely to be the freak of ignorance as of a better judgment than that of one of the greatest of modern strategists.

Even the great military successes of the Germans and the probability of a march on Paris do not, however, absorb all our interest in France and Germany. It is almost of equal importance to notice what is going on in the two countries. All accounts of Germany point in the same direction. The Germans behave, as invaders, as well as as invaders can behave. They are guilty of few, if any, excesses; they do not insult the vanquished; they are most considerate and attentive to the French wounded and prisoners. They speak with enthusiasm of the bravery of the French army, and they frankly own all their

successes to have been purchased at a terrific cost. Those who stay at home appear to be remarkably free from the spirit of military intoxication. They detest the war, and their only anxiety is to get it over, and to prevent another war like it recurring. There is a total absence of any sign of a wish for future wars to dictate to Europe, and to impose a German yoke on foreign peoples. If they talk of annexing Alsace and Lorraine, they only do so with the hope of thus securing a frontier so strong against France that they need not fear what they most dread—another French war. What, if France were obliged to sue for peace, the King of Prussia and his advisers would ask, no one can pretend to know. But the Germans as a people appear, at present at least, to look to nothing more than what will make them safe. They are not so much elated by their successes as shocked at the awful horrors of the war, and if they could be sure of peace for the future they would, we believe, be quite ready now to withdraw their forces, pay their own expenses, and not ask for an inch of French territory. In France the spirit and resolution of the people continue to rise rather than to fall, and the most heroic efforts and sacrifices are made to save the country and to rid France of its invaders. But the difficulties with which they have to contend are enormous. There is still no centre of authority. The Chamber is occupied and degraded by the continual declamations of frantic and impracticable men. It is sinking, not gaining ground, in public estimation. The Government is at its wits' end to know what to say and do. Imagine the head of a Government gravely assuring a Representative Body that a French Marshal at the head of the flower of the French army was too busy to let people in Paris know what he was doing. General TROCHU is doing his best, but he evidently distrusts a portion of the troops he has to command and of the population he has to protect; and he is said to be perpetually hampered by the influence and suspicions of those who see in his independent authority a danger to the Imperial Government. The generalissimo of the French armies is either shut up in a fortress or is unable to communicate with his subordinates. The EMPEROR and MACMAHON appear to divide the command of the only French army that retains the power to move. The political future of France seems to depend entirely on military events. If France is really beaten and obliged to succumb, the EMPEROR will probably never try or never live to go back to Paris. But if the army retrieves its disasters and the Prussians are obliged to fall back, there appears to be no indication that the Empire will fall. The fidelity of the army to the EMPEROR seems to remain unshaken, and the army, if victorious, will decide who is to govern the country. Parisians talk confidently and loudly about France settling, when the war is over, its account with those who have brought it into its present troubles. But it is not to such men as compose the Opposition in the Chamber, or to the incapable fanatics of a Socialist Republic, that France, in its weakness and prostration after such a war as is now going on, is likely to look for guidance. Vanquished France might probably accept for a time the rule of any of the enemies of the EMPEROR that were daring enough to seize on the ruins of power; but victorious France is, if present appearances may be trusted, more likely to welcome the EMPEROR home again than to attempt to provide any substitute for his authority.

THE NEUTRAL POWERS.

THERE is no reason to believe any of the rumours which are in circulation as to the acts or the intentions of the Neutral Powers. Some of the reports may possibly become true hereafter, but at present the most positive statements are only conjectures in the form of assertions. When the poet said that truth embodied in a tale would find entrance where abstract truth would be repelled, he might have extended the proposition to falsehood. The French, to do them justice, although from time to time they listen to unauthorized promises of assistance from abroad, mainly rely on their own patriotism and valour. The chief manufactory of diplomatic fiction is for the present at Berlin, although it might have been thought that all Prussians might for the moment be satisfied with the facts of current history. A single letter from the intelligent and well-informed Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* lately contained three or four surprising statements which ought to have provoked suspicion. The French Minister at Florence had paid a visit to GARIBALDI; the Empress EUGÉNIE had been engaged in correspondence with Queen VICTORIA; and some neutral Powers, including England, had proposed the establishment of a neutral State consisting of the French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. A little reflection would have suggested the expediency of sus-

pending the publication of the story which related to the EMPRESS. It is now positively declared that no such application was made; and even if the unhappy lady had committed an act of pardonable weakness, it would not have been generous to expose her to the resentment of indignant Frenchmen. An unsuccessful appeal to a foreign Sovereign would be irritating to national pride, especially as the EMPRESS is for the present nominally at the head of the Administration. The scheme of erecting a neutral barrier between France and Germany out of the territory which was a thousand years ago allotted to LOTHAIN could only occur to some irresponsible pedant. A little unarmed State, pledged by its origin to absolute impartiality, and inhabited by passionate adherents of France, would furnish one of the two great neighbouring Powers with constant facilities for intrigue, and the other with incessant subjects of provocation; but it is idle to inquire into the consequences of an arrangement which would encounter insuperable objections at the outset. The proposal to France, which still holds Strasburg and Metz, of the sacrifice of Alsace and Lorraine, would be a wanton and useless insult; and, on the other hand, Germany would justly resent the suggestion that her aggrandizement was to be deprecated, not in the interest of France, but as a substantive evil. It is more especially absurd to attribute to England the design of guaranteeing the independence of a new and additional Belgium. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were in no hurry to reaffirm the pledges which had been given by England in 1831 and 1839, when they were at last forced by the press and by Parliament to renew their obligations to Belgium. They perhaps consoled themselves by reflecting that Antwerp might be reached by sea. Recent events have not illustrated the possibility of despatching an English army to operate against an enemy coming from the East or the West, on the banks of the Moselle, or between the Rhine and the Vosges. A generation which has witnessed the absorption of a dozen petty States in Germany and Italy is not likely to recur to the obsolete device of subdivision.

The assertion of some French journalists that the neutral Powers will oppose the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany represents the probable wishes of Europe rather than the definite policy of the Governments. It is impossible to discuss the conditions of peace until the fortune of war has finally declared itself. At the present moment both provinces, although they may be occupied by German armies, are in a political, and even in a military sense, possessions of France. The owner of Strasburg is master of Alsace, and the owner of Metz of Lorraine. Unless peace is concluded or the invasion repelled, the fall of both fortresses is only a question of time. While the campaign proceeds, the Germans will not disclaim the right to annex a portion of their conquests, and no French Government would venture even to discuss the possible dismemberment of the Empire. At the proper time any Government which may have the opportunity of mediating will not fail to suggest to King WILLIAM and his advisers the injustice of compelling the allegiance of unwilling subjects, and the imprudence of furnishing France with an undying cause of hostility. Hanover, Frankfurt, and Hamburg have been reconciled to their enforced union with Prussia by the proof that the conqueror of 1866 is the champion of Germany in 1870; but every recruit from Alsace who might be compelled to serve in the German army would be at heart a rebel, and in the event of war with France he would, if possible, become a deserter. The arguments which ought, when they are advanced, to be conclusive, would at present be premature and offensive. In a war deliberately commenced by France for the purpose of conquering the Rhenish provinces of Germany, it is impossible to deny, as against the aggressor, the right of territorial retaliation. If it were possible to restore the ancient independence of Provence or of Brittany, the Germans by decomposing the French monarchy into a loose Confederation would be only acting in the spirit of the Emperor NAPOLEON's proclamation issued at the commencement of the war; but the rule of exacting an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, must in international quarrels be modified by circumstances. The great object which excited Germany to a display of unparalleled vigour has already been attained. If both combatants could at this moment drop their arms and resume peaceful relations, Germany would for ever have been freed from French dictation and interference. A mere return to the state before the war would in truth be the attainment of a state which has never been known since the disruption of the mediæval Kingdom of Germany. The proof that France must henceforth recognise an equal on the Continent has been effectually furnished. It is not in the middle of the war that friendly Powers

can hope to gain a hearing for suggestions that wars ought no longer to be waged, like those of the First NAPOLEON, for plunder or for empire. To the POPE's conventional offer of mediation the King of PRUSSIA returned the conventional answer that he would gladly agree to terms of peace as soon as he had secured sufficient guarantees against the repetition of a lawless attack. It would not be politic for the KING to check the enthusiasm which pervades Germany by reminding his subjects and allies that it is too late to repair the wrongs inflicted by RICHELIEU and by LOUIS XIV., nor is it to be supposed that he will hamper future negotiations with France by offering beforehand substantial immunity for a profligate and causeless attack. The French nation may be assured that England will anxiously watch for an opportunity of intervention, and that all the influence of the QUEEN'S Government will be used to protect a friendly neighbour from loss and humiliation.

The report that the neutral Powers have come to a general understanding among themselves may probably be true, nor is it incredible that the French Government may have both wished Austria to take a part in the general concert, and resented the same proceeding on the part of Italy. Before a Congress can assemble to consider the future relations of European States, all important questions will have been already settled. In modern times belligerents, whether in prosperity or in adversity, are almost as exacting in their demands on popular sympathy as in their claims on the good offices of Governments. It is disagreeable but not surprising to find that both Germany and France are equally dissatisfied with England. Neutrality in a great quarrel is regarded at Berlin as the result either of national cowardice or of unprincipled indifference; and the French are more excusably indignant with the journals which transmit to them the unwelcome record of German successes. It is perfectly true that the Germans were wholly in the right at the commencement of the war, and that their victorious progress furnishes only an aggravation of the conduct of the French Government; but the active intervention of England was neither invited nor desired, although German humour, which is less conspicuous than German valour, indulges itself in heavy satire of a neutrality which it would have been an act of insanity to violate. M. ABOUT, not long since a devoted adherent of the EMPEROR, whom in ill-fortune he now conscientiously denounces, probably expresses a widely-spread feeling in his complaint of the unfriendliness of England. Frenchmen can scarcely be expected to admit or to remember that their Government, with the unanimous assent of the nation, commenced a war equally without just object or real provocation. No impartial bystander could approve of M. ROUHER's candid confession that the EMPEROR made war because he deemed his army to be in a state of preparation; and when the ruinous mistake was discovered, the failure of aggression was regarded with natural satisfaction. The subsequent disasters of the French army have caused in England both compassion and anxiety.

The difficulty of restoring peace may be gravely aggravated by the language of both belligerents. The original cause of war was confined to the political object of checking the growth of Germany and maintaining the preponderance of France; but on both sides passion has taken the place of policy, and the irritation of the Germans seems to have been increased rather than appeased by their brilliant success. Count BISMARCK has publicly accused the Duke of GRAMONT of intentional falsehood, and he has described, in terms more just than diplomatic, the tortuous projects of the Emperor NAPOLEON and of M. BENEDETTI. King WILLIAM declared in his first proclamation that he made war, not on the French nation, but on its ruler; but it has since been proved that all parties in France were agreed in the desire to prevent by force the union of Germany. M. THIERS explained that his original objection to the war was founded solely on his knowledge of the insufficiency of the military preparations. Republican orators vie with courtiers in their vituperation of the invader; and a Prince of the House of ORLEANS has applauded some peasants of the Vosges for attacking German stragglers. It is perfectly true that France is collectively responsible for the act which has been so promptly avenged; but unanimity against the enemy has now become a virtue, and it has no connexion with the causes of the quarrel. If the rupture had been provoked by the Prussian Government, Germany would have risen, as France is rising, to protect the national territory. Statesmen and public writers ought not to engage like Homeric heroes in a war of words on the eve or in the midst of mortal combat.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE truce so studiously maintained last week between the Ministry and the Left in the Corps Législatif was broken on Tuesday by M. GAMBETTA. The Ministry say, with perfect truth, that a premature communication of good news from the seat of war would imperil the success of Marshal BAZAINE's plans. The Opposition say, with equal truth, that if there is only bad news to come it cannot come too soon, since, until the country knows the worst, it will not nerve itself for the tremendous sacrifices to which it will have to submit. Nothing but the event can decide which of the two is in the right. If the Ministry really has grounds for hope which it cannot safely make public, it is playing a patriotic part in resisting all entreaties to say where Marshal BAZAINE is, or what he is doing. The Deputies of the Left evidently suspect that the silence of the Government proceeds from an exactly opposite cause—that it would speak out readily enough did it not fear the consequences of letting Paris know how great the danger is. They have some justification for their distrust in the fact that the Ministry was appointed without the consent of the Chamber, and that its Imperialist character identifies it in the most marked way possible with the fortunes of the dynasty whose existence may be determined by the issue of the next great battle. Still the impossibility of withholding bad news for more than a very few days is so obvious, and the consequences of being detected in doing so may be so serious that we cannot believe that the French Ministers are at most concealing more than their own ignorance. If they have really known all this week that Marshal BAZAINE's army is hopelessly isolated, their reticence has been singularly shortsighted. Even from the most selfish point of view, they would have been wise in dissociating themselves from the ruin which threatens the Imperial system by putting themselves at the head of a new effort to drive back the invader. But we have not, so far as we know, any right to take their selfishness for granted. They were Frenchmen before they were Imperialists, and their association with the Empire can hardly have deprived them of all the sentiments proper to the former character. That they would be glad to save the Empire as well as France may be admitted, but it does not follow that they would risk the safety of France in order to break the fall of the Empire. It is not surprising that M. GAMBETTA should refuse to see this, inasmuch as he has been trained to distrust everything done by an Imperialist Government; and if his suspicions are correct, the injury inflicted on France by the Ministerial silence may be almost irreparable. But outsiders can weigh probabilities more calmly than the actual combatants, and to our minds the balance of chances is in favour of the notion that the Ministry is speaking what it thinks, or at all events hopes, is the truth.

It would be matter for real regret if this supposition should turn out false, since it would mar the unity of the really fine spectacle which France now presents. On the assumption that the Ministers are actuated by purely military considerations in keeping back news, every class in the nation must be credited with a genuine resolution to do its duty. The Ministry have taken office under circumstances of the utmost discouragement. The Corps Législatif is eager to forward the public interest by every means in its power. The EMPEROR offers no opposition to the employment of the most capable generals, whether their hold of important posts is likely or not to work unfavourably for the prospects of his throne. The Parisians declare themselves perfectly ready to stand a siege. The peasantry, so far as can be gathered from the occasional notices of their attitude which find their way to England, are willing to take up arms as soon as there are any arms for them to take up. The new loan of 750,000,000 francs is subscribed without a thought of hesitation, and not so much as a hint has been given of any surrender of French territory. Everybody, in short, seems for the moment to have put aside his own wishes and interests, and to think only of France. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say everybody except M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER—if it is true, at least, that the ex-Minister has thought the present a suitable time for seeking repose abroad. For the sake of a man whom we have hitherto regarded as nothing worse than vain and short-sighted, we should be glad if this statement could be contradicted. The picture it presents of M. OLLIVIER's character is not a pleasant one. To go to war with a light heart, and then, when France is overwhelmed with the disasters of which this ill-timed light-heartedness has been the cause, to leave her to contend against them unaided, is not the part of a patriotic politician. The very vanity which has made M. OLLIVIER the author of so much mischief deprives him of the one excuse which might otherwise be

offered for him. It might be fairly argued that M. OLLIVIER has so completely put it out of his own power to be of any use to France that he may just as well consult his own health and comfort. But it seems impossible, from what we know of M. OLLIVIER, that he can have come to look upon himself in so true and unflattering a light, or have got rid of the deep-rooted conviction that France cannot get on without him. Is it that he wishes to awake his ungrateful country to a sense of what it has lost, and that his momentary absence is only designed as a harsh but kindly means of making the void which it causes felt? Even this hypothesis is not impossible where M. OLLIVIER is concerned, and, till the contrary has been shown, it is charitable to assume that it is a correct expression of his purpose.

It would be rash to speculate on the effect of decidedly unfavourable news from the front. That the Ministry would be sent about their business, and something in the nature of a Committee of Public Safety entrusted with the conduct of the war, seems highly probable. In that case the settlement of the ultimate form the Government should take might be postponed till better times, unless it should be found expedient in the interest of the national defence to appeal to those patriotic passions which are associated with the memory of 1792 and the name of a Republic. When the enemy is marching upon Paris, even the maintenance of order and the security of property against Socialist theories become matters of secondary importance. The influences which gave so much strength to the Empire in the first instance have but little power in the crisis of a foreign invasion. That the political prospect in France is so hazy is the consequence of the very measures which have been taken for the last eighteen years to invest it with some degree of certainty. The impending Republic will, after all, be only the legitimate offspring of the system which has preceded it. The Second Empire traces its origin to a singularly ignoble variety of Conservatism. When the party of order made an idol of NAPOLEON III. they virtually proclaimed that liberty was not worth its cost. To evoke a system of rational freedom out of the confusion which followed upon 1848 demanded an amount of patience and self-sacrifice to which they were quite unequal, and when reaction presented itself in the person of the heir of the BONAPARTES they welcomed it as an unexpected piece of good fortune. Any other restoration might have seemed too hazardous an experiment, but when the destroyer of the Republic could command the enthusiastic support of the army there was no longer any room for prudent hesitation. For the time France had a strong government. But in order to utilize its strength for its own benefit, the Empire steadily set itself to discredit every other form of Conservatism. It held a moderate Liberal in far greater detestation than the most thoroughgoing of Republicans. The true interests of order in France pointed to the importance of isolating the Socialist Democrats by enlisting on the side of the Government every politician to whom the substance of liberty was dearer than the form of a Republic. Instead of this, the Imperialist policy isolated the party of order by counting amongst its enemies every politician who would not admit that liberty and good government were incompatible terms. The result of this system was to silence those who would naturally have been among the foremost opponents of revolution, and thus to present the Empire to the world as the one power that had the strength or the will to cope with anarchy. The destruction of the Empire will be welcomed by the Revolutionary party in France as the removal of their only serious foe, and as regards the immediate present they are probably not far from the truth in so viewing it. French Conservatism has been keeping bad company, and it cannot avoid sharing in the disgrace which has overtaken its allies. The cause of Constitutional liberty in France will not be advanced by any hasty attempt to escape from the Republic which the Empire seems to have made all but inevitable. If the Parliamentary Liberals are well advised, they will seek nothing more for themselves or their friends than a fair field, and no favour. Their success will be the more lasting if it is the combined product of their adversaries' blunders, their countrymen's needs, and their own self-control.

ENGLAND AND THE BELLIGERENTS.

WE in England are convinced how sincere our neutrality is. We take a calm and, as far as we can, an impartial view of the combatants, and distribute our praise and blame as justly as our means of judging permit. But it is

notorious that we do not please either side. Both think us cold, unfriendly, and dead to our own highest interests. Both think our neutrality too favourable to the other side. This, it is truly said, only proves how impartial we are, and how sincere and exact our neutrality is. Still, if we are to learn from foreign nations at all, we must learn from them when they criticize us, and the judgments which are now being passed in Germany and France on England are not without instruction. The conduct, the institutions, and the political position of England are not thought very highly of at present, and it is at least a rather interesting inquiry for us to ask why this is so. In the first place, why, as a neutral, does England always give offence? We think that there is no doubt as to the true answer. It is the English press that makes England disliked. A time like the present enables us to realize what the English press is like, and how it differs from the press of other countries. It is not merely that it is free. The press of the United States is perfectly free, but it creates no enemies because it is for the most part beneath the level of what is best in American thought and literature. It is much more abusive, fanatical, and sensational than the best Americans show themselves to be. The Continental press is either official, or it is imbued with the spirit of a clique, or at best it is so very thin and fragmentary that there is really scarcely anything to read in the best foreign papers. But in England the press is as good as anything there is in England; and it has never shown its excellence more evidently than now in dealing with the present war. The exertions made to get information, to present it in a lucid form, and to pass an accurate judgment on it are enormous. The views taken by different papers vary of course; but in all the papers of any standing there is a most indisputable wish to present a vast variety of information, and to discuss both the military and the political situation with perfect fairness. The *Daily News* deserves special mention perhaps for the rapidity of its intelligence and for the copiousness and value of its military narratives. But it does not stand alone. The *Standard* is very French, and furnishes many facts and some fictions that tell on the French side. But its daily criticism on the war is not only masterly, but is rigidly impartial. The history of the war, accompanied by free but honest and carefully considered criticism on the war, its causes and consequences, is being written in England, and in England only. The belligerents detest this, and it needs no explanation why they detest it. They are in far too excited a state to like having their doings unfolded and judged. Admirable as the English press is in many ways, and determined as we all may be not to forego the pleasures it affords us, it has, it must be owned, the drawback of inspiring a great amount of enmity against England in foreign nations.

English institutions, again, do not much commend themselves to either belligerent at this moment. The particular point on which Englishmen now insist most fully and triumphantly is that the military despotism of the Second Empire has collapsed in the hour of trial, and that all that has ever been said against it has been justified. But then how does the system of Parliamentary government stand just now? The minds of the belligerents are naturally full of war, and the test they apply is whether this or that political system gives strength in war. When they apply this test to England the result is not very encouraging. We have wealth, a high national spirit, fondness for adventure, and plenty of men. But we have nothing like military organization. Our military system is mere chaos. Every day we tell ourselves and all the world that our national army of defence is no army at all. In case of a real danger the men would not know what to do, the officers would not know what to do, the commanders would not know what to do, and the Government would not know what to do. There is no attempt to disguise this or to deny it. But is it at all certain that any change for the better will be made? Will our Parliamentary institutions permit that it should be made? We confess that we are not at all sanguine. It is true that the press is supposed to be a great power in the country; and on this particular subject of the army the whole press is, strange to say, unanimous. Its whole power is being brought to bear on the official world; but we are forced to own that in the long run the official world may beat it, and may succeed in getting things left as they are. We are not speaking merely of the persons now in office. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Opposition would do any better. All Parliamentary people take the Parliamentary view. The sole Parliamentary effect of the outbreak of the war was to raise an interminable quarrel as to whether

the Liberals have or have not got a handful of regular troops more at a less total cost than the Conservatives inflicted on the country. It is needless to say that we in England see how great in other respects the advantages of Parliamentary government are; but we are speaking now of how this form of government is likely to strike Frenchmen and Germans; and it must be confessed that, with our Parliamentary wrangling about an additional force that might perhaps suffice to garrison Toul or Pfalsburg, with our Militia and Volunteers left useless, and with our Sovereign happily buried far away from business in a remote part of Scotland, we do not present ourselves in a very bright or attractive light to nations engaged in a gigantic war.

England is also supposed to be at present the centre of diplomatic action. The rumours of immediate intervention for the purpose of giving useless advice have indeed most fortunately died away lately. The reception they met with was so very discouraging that nothing more has been said about them. Still, as England was, for the moment at least, offered as the arbitress of peace, the belligerents were led to consider the position of England, and they certainly have expressed their conclusions with the utmost freedom. In the present war navies are of scarcely any use, and what use, they ask, would be the tiny contingent England could offer to either side, and how could it control the action of either. There is much truth in this, and why should we not recognise it? England is a great maritime Power, it is a very great Asiatic Power, it might easily have a magnificent defensive army. But it can never play more than a small part in Continental wars. The saying attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE, that we must take care that the conqueror did not become too strong, has fortunately been expressly repudiated, so that we shall not have to eat our big words; but so long as they believed that the PREMIER had used this language, the Germans, with whom victory seems likely to rest, naturally asked how we proposed to take the fruits of victory away from them. Both belligerents are aware that if we could arrange the terms of peace we should think of our own interests, and it is obvious that our interests pull us different ways. France is the only nation that could do us any serious harm. No other nation could dream of invading England. We therefore see it to be to our interest that France should not be too strong. On the other hand, France is the only nation that is likely to be able and willing to help us in defending Constantinople, and therefore it is to our interest that France should be a great Power. Whenever, therefore, we interfere, if we do interfere diplomatically, we shall be thought to be leaning to one side or the other from a calculation of what will be to our advantage, and, however impartial we may mean to be, our impartiality will be always suspected. In no respect is it more necessary to see ourselves in the light in which others see us, than in the quality of mediators and peacemakers. We must take things as they are, and candidly examine how we are placed, and then, if we do not do as much good to others as we should wish, we may at any rate derive some benefit for ourselves.

SECURED NEUTRALITY.

THE LAUREATE on the outbreak of the Crimean war congratulated this country on the occurrence of what is usually considered a national calamity as something rather of a national blessing. Mr. TENNYSON, in the War passages in *Maud*, seems to have considered war as a heaven-sent breeze, or rather storm, providentially designed to stir the stagnation and scum which had grown over our national character. Mr. TENNYSON's predecessor, WORDSWORTH, has been visited with no small indignation for calling the scourge of war God's Daughter. We suppose, therefore, that it is settled to be only a sentimental and poetical exaggeration to see in war, or in the rumour and imminence of war, any beneficent or useful purpose in elevating the national character or at least in calling out higher sentiments, or in suggesting the existence of nobler objects in life than money-getting and amusement. Mr. ABOUT, again, has just been enlarging upon the happy change which, in spite of all its disasters, war in its most frightful form is producing upon the national mind of France. But we are not at war, and the immediate question is not what is, or what might be, the effect of actual war on the English mind and character, but what is the practical effect on ourselves of our present position in the extant condition of Europe. Our position is that of neutrals, and of armed or secured neutrals. We could not occupy any other position; it is no matter of

choice, and therefore not of praise or blame, that we are as we are. As regards the actual belligerents all neutrals must be in ill odour, and objects of suspicion, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation. We must count upon this and bear it as we can, because it is inseparable from the attitude which we have taken, and from the position in which no choice has placed us. We believe that we acted fairly as a nation in the American civil war, but the result of our neutrality was only to incur the disfavour both of North and South, and in the end to have laid up for ourselves a smouldering grievance, on the part of the United States, which they only bide their time to visit upon us. In the Crimean war Germany was neutral, but it is possible that this German neutrality was neither forgotten nor forgiven by France, and that the attack upon Austria a few years ago, and upon Prussia now, on the part of the French, was at the bottom instigated by the bitter remembrance of German neutrality. This may be, and is, perhaps very unreasonable, but it is human nature. Neutrality has its dangers as well as its annoyances. Neutrality is only less destructive than war because it postpones war. Neutrality, too, however necessary, however politic, however unavoidable, however clearly a duty, is not from the nature of the case either an ennobling or a dignified position. It provokes, or at least sours and angers, the combatants, and it does not tell well on the neutrals. But, it is replied, the position of a neutral is a commanding one. England can throw its influence at the right moment into the interests of peace. But the right moment for the neutral is always the wrong moment for the belligerent, victor or vanquished. It may not be intended, but intervention, where alone a neutral can intervene, is always practically understood by the defeated to be intervention on the side of the conqueror. As regards France and Prussia, therefore, we must face what is sure to turn out to be the fact, that France and Prussia, either or both, are establishing an undying resentment against England. Even the *Times*, which cannot be charged with anything short of very distinct anti-Gallicanism, is beginning to whimper that all its Germanizing and inflammatory partisanship has been thrown away on that stiff-necked people which at last owns that it intends the war to be one of territorial aggrandizement. The grievance of Germany is that if we seek peace and ensue it we wrong Germany; the grievance of France is that we have been open and loud in our professions of sympathy with her enemy, and that by every means in our power we are lashing up popular frenzy against a country which has been our faithful ally in war and our best supporter in the arts of peace, especially of trade.

But we have not exhausted the inconveniences, to use the mildest term, which are inseparable from our neutrality. It tells upon ourselves. Neutrality may be safe, may be politic, but it does not call out high character. In any quarrel a bystander who resolves not to interfere may be, and in our case it is so, possessed by very high and worthy motives; but it must seem as though his first care was to keep out of an ugly mess at all hazards. This does not look noble, nor does it inspire noble feelings. We are obliged to speak with bated breath, to move, if at all, very cautiously, to tread tenderly and gingerly. Hence, of course, it was that our great statesman of the stern and unflinching old Roman type—as that extremely silly person the LORD MAYOR, whose knowledge of Roman statesmen of the stern, unflinching sort must be very accurate, seeing that, as a type-founder, he is very conversant with Roman types—Mr. GLADSTONE, was so chary and backward in proclaiming the Ministerial resolution to defend Belgium. Hence the anxiety to correct Mr. DISRAELI's unstudied expression of "armed" neutrality by the safer phrase of "secured" neutrality. Hence, too, Mr. CARDWELL's policy—very neutral policy indeed. The fact seems to be that both the Government and the country are disposed to accept the neutrality and to let the "secured" element of it take care of itself. What some of us would like to know is what element of security has been imported into that neutrality which this country occupied before France declared war? How are we one whit better secured than we were two months ago? How are we likely to be better secured two months hence than we are now? No doubt we now see reason enough why Mr. GLADSTONE must have been so very anxious to get rid of the epithet "armed." His War Secretary, by an ingenious fiction of words which it is difficult to distinguish from a direct falsification, had just referred to the 300,000 breech-loaders which we had in store, only he forgot to say that one-third of them were in Canada, and must be left in Canada. To talk about an armed neutrality was indeed a grim irony. The Government knew that we could not

establish an armed neutrality; and it now comes out that our secured neutrality is one in which arms are to have no place. The Volunteers are assured that they are not to be sent into the field without breechloaders; and at the same time they are told that breechloaders are not forthcoming and will not be forthcoming. A "secured neutrality," the security consisting in the assurance that two-thirds of the Reserve Force of the Empire are not to be armed for perhaps a year or two. Not only did Mr. CARDWELL mislead us all by something which unpleasantly suggests an untruth as to the number of Sniders in store, but we hear from Birmingham that the small-arms trade is very dull, and the only orders are for sporting purposes.

In what then, we again ask, does the promised security of English neutrality consist? The Volunteers are invited—and we have done our best to second this invitation—to lay aside their great causes of complaint, and to unite in a patriotic effort to increase their own ranks and efficiency, even in the face of every discouragement pertinaciously persisted in by Mr. CARDWELL. The security of England consists, according to various authorities, in three elements—in the Snider rifles, which happen to be in Canada, according to Mr. CARDWELL; in the actual state of the Volunteers, which is as it stands quite equal to the task of destroying any invading army, according to Mr. BUXTON; in the terror with which the very name of the Volunteers, coupled with that of the Roman statesman, Mr. GLADSTONE, inspires all possible foes, according to Lord Mayor BESLEY. And we suppose these are sufficiently assuring proofs of our secured state. Everybody seems to think so. The QUEEN, six hundred miles away from the seat of Government, occupies the even tenor of her life, and is congratulated by the *Lancet* on that vigorous condition of health which enables her to undergo fatigues which would prostrate most strong men, and is rudely invited by the *Economist* to put all the formal functions of Royalty into commission. The Prince of WALES gives his name to the Committee for the Wounded (Colonel LOYD LINDSAY doing all the work), and pursues grouse with as much keenness as his cousins are pursuing the French. His Royal Highness Prince CHRISTIAN has assumed the command, not of the Berkshire Volunteers, but of the Corporation of Windsor as High Steward. The Crystal Palace, after its kind, has got up a new peep-show in the form of a War Court, and improves the occasion by a Grand Pyrotechnic Display of the Bombardment of the Bridge of Kehl; and the Bishop of GLOUCESTER, in a lucid way, preaches to the effect that he "regards the war as the Gov of nations—judging nations and working through nations, and dealing with the passions of nations." And then we have one newspaper Correspondent delivering a Lecture on the War; and we are also regaled with our old Patter and Clatter Correspondent, who on Wednesday presented the readers of the *Times* with a very elaborate and graphic picture of the Crown Prince's boots and breeches. Who shall say, then, that we are not much interested in the war, and are not straining every nerve for the defence of our country? At any rate, who can urge that our neutrality is not very neutral indeed? And who, in the face of all these outward and visible signs of securing our neutrality, with all these tokens of the patriotism, public spirit, and duty which is animating all classes of English society, from the Sovereign to the holiday-makers, from the War Minister to the Lord Mayor, can doubt that our neutrality wants no securing? If M. ABOUT and the *Cologne Gazette* could see this country as we see it, they might very readily disabuse themselves of their apprehensions about our extreme and violent partisanship here in England, seeing that as we look at our own position and our own immediate duties in a somewhat languid and uninterested fashion, it is not very likely that we should feel very strongly about the concerns of other people.

RAILWAY AFFAIRS.

THE Reports and statements of Railway Companies relate to the half-year which ended on the 30th of June, and consequently afford no indication of the effects of the war. The great Companies which depend on commercial traffic have been, with few exceptions, prosperous. Even the Great Western Company, which three years ago was forced to issue deferred warrants for its preferential dividends, now pays at the rate of 3 per cent. on its ordinary stock. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line alone has suffered a diminution of traffic and a reduction of dividend. The railways which depend chiefly on passenger traffic have not been fortunate; and the Brighton Company was not even able to pay the whole of its preference dividends. The South-Eastern, and the London,

Chatham, and Dover Companies within the current half-year suffer heavy loss by the interruption of the traffic with the Continent; but the seaside towns will be more than ordinarily crowded with visitors, and the suburban traffic will not be affected by the war. All Railway Boards complain of the extravagant payments which under the present law are sometimes extorted from their shareholders in the form of compensation for accidents. The Report of the Select Committee fully recognises the justice of their protest; but it is doubtful whether Parliament will, even for the sake of remedying a glaring iniquity, withdraw the cognizance of claims for compensation from juries. The Brighton Company was mulcted, in payments to passengers who had or had not been injured by a single accident, in a thousand times the amount of all the fares received for the journey. The London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies were made liable for a misfortune to one of their steamboats to the full amount of the loss, although ordinary shipowners would only have been compelled to pay a maximum of 82 per ton. The failure of Mr. Lowe's proposal to substitute for the passenger duty a tax on the gross receipts is noticed with satisfaction in several Reports. The existing tax would probably have been repealed in the next Session if the season of relief from taxation had not suddenly been brought to a close. Two or three months ago investments in the better class of railways seemed to be as safe as shares in the Eastern railways of France which are now broken up or used by an invading army. There is no immediate apprehension of an incursion of hostile cavalry to remove rails in the Midland or Northern counties, nor are railway stocks in greater danger than other forms of investment; but the possession of uninsured or unprotected wealth is a kind of gambling transaction. The shareholders of the principal railways have not a little to lose. The North-Eastern Company pays a dividend of 7½ per cent., the Midland of 6½, and the London and North-Western of 6. The London and North-Western Board has also taken advantage of a prosperous period to renew and repair its works and rolling-stock. The substitution of Bessemer steel for iron as the material for rails will gradually tend largely to diminish the working expenses. For some weeks, during the busiest time of the year, the weekly receipts of the London and North-Western have amounted to 100l. per mile over more than 1,400 miles. The amount would have been still larger but for the confusion and panic which were caused in Liverpool by the great fall in the price of cotton on the outbreak of the war. At the same time the export of yarns from Lancashire to Germany was entirely stopped. If the Continental troubles continue, English manufacturers can scarcely fail to profit by the suspension of Continental industry, but the disturbance of ordinary relations, whatever may be its ultimate tendency, almost always causes loss in the first instance.

The issue of the London, Chatham, and Dover Report, which shows a diminution of traffic, has been immediately followed by the publication of the first and principal award by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS. In pursuance of the powers conferred by the Act of 1869, the arbitrators simplify the complicated arrangements of the undertaking by converting all the various shares and mortgages into three forms of security. The schedules contain the apportionment to the different holders of various amounts of ordinary, of preference, and of debenture stock. The conflict of priorities, which had occasioned excessive litigation, is thus finally closed; and shareholders and creditors will henceforth understand the extent of their losses, or the completeness of their ruin. Many Companies more prosperously situated have recently consolidated their various stocks, partly as a method of reducing clerical labour, and principally for the purpose of making the minor stocks saleable in the market. For the last four years it has been almost impossible to deal in the shares and debentures of the Chatham Company, and one of the chief advantages of the award will consist in the facility of obtaining a larger or smaller price for the stock which may have been allotted by the arbitrators. It is evident that no manipulation of figures can increase the earnings which form the only possible source of dividend; but the shareholders and mortgagees profit by the increased price attaching to a stock which can be measured and valued. The arbitrators have retained the nominal amount of the collective issue, being about 17,000,000l. It would have been a waste of labour to reduce the total either to the present value or to the actual cost of the undertaking. Those who are curious in the financial history of the Company should remember that only about half the nominal amount was really expended, and that the line, which was for the most part well laid out, was not ex-

extravagantly costly. The great defect of the Chatham system is not that it was paid for by complicated and indirect financial contrivances, but that its head is too big for its body. The cost of the London stations at Victoria, Blackfriars, and Ludgate is disproportioned to a length of less than 150 miles, including subsidiary lines. The connexion with the Midland and Great Northern lines will provide a traffic which was hardly expected by the original promoters. The Derbyshire and Yorkshire coal is rapidly superseding in the Southern counties the supplies received by sea, and the Chatham Company already conveys large quantities by way of Ludgate bridge. In a future award the arbitrators will provide for the future government of the Company; but the task of organizing the administration is comparatively unimportant. No scheme which can be adopted will greatly affect the character of the Directors who may be appointed; and it is doubtful whether any Board can largely reduce the expenses or increase the earnings of the undertaking. The line is at present well and efficiently worked, and as long as the services of the experienced and able manager are retained, the system will not be materially altered. The real business of the arbitrators consisted in the adjustment of priorities depending on numerous Acts of Parliament which had been passed without any attempt to reconcile their provisions. The voluntary labour undertaken by Lord SALISBURY and Lord CAIRNS deserves the simplest recognition. The knots which they have untied, or perhaps sometimes cut, could scarcely have been removed except by a tribunal with unlimited powers, and able to devote its whole attention to a single case.

Before the days of great joint-stock undertakings it was said with truth that the Three per Cents. were fools; and the charge is not less applicable to railway shares. At the first menace of a war which was then not expected to attain its present dimensions, the principal railway stocks were in a few days depreciated to the extent of eight or ten per cent. A quarter or a third of the amount fairly represented the probable increase in the value of money, with a fractional percentage for uncertainty and general disturbance. The extraordinary magnitude and the unexpected character of the events which have since occurred have not prevented a recovery of three-fourths of the depreciation, and prices are still steadily rising. In the meantime some fortunes have been made and lost by speculation, and judicious purchasers have made advantageous investments. At present the best shares may be bought to pay about five per cent., with a probability rather of increase than of diminution if only the safety and prosperity of the country continue. The clamour against railways which prevailed three years ago is now almost forgotten even by its authors and its dupes. No projector contends for the payment of capital outlay from revenue; nor is it any longer imagined that commercial prosperity depends on any particular form of accounts. As long as the events of the war occupy universal attention, newspaper columns will not be occupied by elaborate descriptions of mechanical improvements which are already familiarly known by engineers. If dividends and traffic flourish, the parts of the country which are still deficient in railway accommodation may hope that their wants will soon be supplied; but the impediments to railway enterprise which were devised by Lord REDESDALE for the supposed benefit of shareholders still conflict with the public benefit. The prohibition against paying interest on shares before a line is opened adds a considerable percentage to the cost of construction without conferring any possible advantage either on the projectors or on the general community. It is not the business of Parliament to discourage any form of industrial enterprise. Lord REDESDALE is a conscientious and vigorous public functionary; but Railway Boards and contractors are incomparably better able to judge of the utility of a proposed line, and of the mode of raising funds for its construction.

DEFENSIVE ORGANIZATION.

IT is difficult to say whether there is greater need, for the defence of the United Kingdom at this moment, of men, of arms, or of organization. The lessons of the last great European war in which we were involved have been by us forgotten, while on the Continent they have been constantly remembered. At a time when our fleet was far more powerful relatively to other fleets than it is now, we thought it necessary to have an army. A system was gradually matured by which the whole male population of this country, capable of bearing arms, was supplied with arms and taught to use them. At the same time arrangements were com-

pleted for concentrating a sufficient portion of the force thus provided on a threatened point and supplying it with ammunition and food. As early as 1803 stations had been appointed at which the Volunteers and Yeomanry of each Southern county were to assemble on the first alarm of invasion. Military roads were made, and canals cut to flood the country, and the remains of these works still bear witness to the prudence which directed our fathers' zeal for national defence. It is true that the efforts of those days were stimulated by the knowledge that the enemy had a large army ready at any moment to cross the Channel; and it is to be feared that only imminent danger will ever stir our countrymen to action, and that when they are induced to move it may be too late. We shall do well, therefore, to keep constantly before our minds the obligation which we have incurred to defend Belgium. We cannot with honour fail to fulfil that obligation, and we cannot without madness denude ourselves of military force in endeavouring to protect our ally. It may be supposed, although even that is doubtful, that the War Office is capable of sending forty thousand troops, properly equipped and supplied, to Antwerp. But that is the limit of its capacity. No arrangements have been made, and probably nobody in authority has even thought of making any, for concentrating a defensive army upon a threatened point of our own coast, and keeping it supplied with all that is essential to efficiency.

And yet there is no want of military talent in our regular army, although it languishes in disheartening obscurity. There are officers capable of applying the lesson which the Prussian operations teach, and of adapting the art of war to the improved facilities for directing and moving troops which this age possesses. If our officers rightly understood and diligently practised this new method, it would soon appear that this country may be made more safe against invasion than it ever was before. The rapid concentration of large masses of troops upon the point of action is the problem set before our generals. We have, or may easily create, the troops, and our country is a network of railways. A competent commander would ask no more than this, and time. While, therefore, there is time, let us utilize our vast resources. We must henceforward submit to become more of a military nation than we now are. The defensive forces of the country, whatever they may be called, must be completely officered, and we cannot have the necessary ability without paying for it. Further, those defensive forces must learn their duty more thoroughly than they have hitherto done, and for this purpose they must be content to give up valuable time. It would be easy during the summer or early autumn months to occupy the forts round Portsmouth and Plymouth, and other similar works, with Militia or Volunteer corps, who might thus learn the duty which is most likely to be required of them. Having thus got a considerable force together, the next thing would be to march it out and encamp it on the open downs. Let us suppose that twenty thousand defensive troops, whatever they may be called, were assembled around Portsmouth next week, and were required to march in complete military array to Dover the week after, is there anybody at the War Office who would be prepared to make the necessary arrangements? There is doubtless somebody there who would be prepared to say that it was the fault of the troops that the War Office could not supply them. Instead, however, of bandying recriminations between the soldiery and the Supply Service, it would be well for each to look carefully to its own efficiency. No number of Militiamen or Volunteers will form an effectual defence until they are included in an organization of which at present hardly any rudiments exist. We shall, for our own part, decline to believe that the defensive force can march until we see it march, and it is likely that Continental observers will be equally incredulous. When we behold an army assembled in the Midland counties, and moving in fighting order to the coast, we shall begin to believe that the War Office understands its business.

The men who would form the subject of such an experiment must be obtained by recurring to the old principle, that every citizen owes military service to the State. The time of actual embodiment need not for each individual be long, but he must serve when his turn comes in preference to every civil engagement. It might be provided that the time of military service should count as service under a civil apprenticeship, or that the apprentice should be bound to serve under his indenture for an additional period, equal to that which had been subtracted. Unless such a system be adopted we shall never possess an effectual defensive force at all adequate to meet the numbers which might be brought against us. The middle and upper classes of Englishmen must either undertake a

Volunteer service worthy of the occasion, or they may, if they please, employ and pay a Militia force recruited from the lower classes to perform for them the duty of national defence. As the latter branch of this alternative is not to be thought of, it would be well to think seriously of the former. It is time to recur to the suggestion of a statesman who took a leading part in the resistance of this country to the First NAPOLEON, that "the learning the use of arms should be imposed as "a positive duty upon all individuals within the ages of 18 "and 30, to be enforced by fine." It was considered at that time that the use of arms might be learned sufficiently at or near the learner's home, but at present something more is necessary. The Volunteers, whatever may have been their shortcomings, have done their country this service, that they have enabled officers of the army to practise the handling of masses of troops. The saying of Marshal BUGEAUD, "The English "infantry is the best in the world—happily there is very little "of it," must be present to the mind of every visitor to Aldershot. The object to be aimed at is to produce something like the same article in much larger quantities, and this could be done if young men were required to learn the use of arms at certain great military stations. The framework of a regiment would exist always, and it would be perpetually supplied with fresh recruits. A very short time well employed would teach the use of arms in a manner never to be forgotten, and the remainder of the recruit's military life would be passed, except in emergency, near his own home. Thus the soldier would learn his duty, and he would give his officers the opportunity of learning their duty at the same time. There would be no objection to the assumption of this burden if only it were impartially distributed.

A letter has appeared from Mr. CHARLES BUXTON, deprecating the expression of alarm at the defenceless condition of the country. It is certainly not dignified to write in the strain which has lately been adopted by many organs of public opinion, but we must confess that we cannot help viewing the proceedings of Government with apprehensions which it would be difficult, even if it were desirable, to disguise. Suppose that the uneasiness which pervades the country is not warranted by facts, it would still be the part of wise and patriotic statesmen to take advantage of it to do that which ought to have been done years ago. The country for the moment considers other matters more important than the economies of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE. If the people of Great Britain were asked to submit themselves to a more effectual defensive organization, they would gladly do so; but the only measure of which Government has recognised the necessity is an augmentation of the regular army which is quite inadequate to the emergency. Indeed no possible augmentation of the regular army could be adequate to it. But so far as can be discovered from their acts, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues do not seem to be aware that there is any emergency at all. Ministers may be wiser than they look, but the presumption is that they are not. The enormous wealth of this country may tempt an invader, but with that wealth has grown the country's capability for defence, if only its resources can be utilized by timely organization. We can do more rapidly and completely that which has been done by Prussia, if we only receive in time the necessary guidance. But it will be impossible to believe that our defensive army can take the field until we see it actually marching and encamping as if in the presence of an enemy. "Tents," says Mr. BUXTON, "are a mere luxury, not by any means an essential of "campaigning." We should be glad to believe that our defensive force, or even our regular army, would so regard them. But we should be much better satisfied of the truth of Mr. BUXTON's assertion if we could see 20,000 Militia or Volunteers encamped for a week on Salisbury Plain without tents. The hardship of camping in the open would probably be more felt at first by Volunteers than by Militiamen, because the latter have for the most part lived a rougher life. But, be the hardship great or small, we should wish the troops to be inured to it, if inevitable, before they are called upon to meet an enemy. We desire, in short, to see a defensive army, and not merely to be told that there are in the country defensive regiments amounting to a very respectable sum total. Organization is not all that we ask of Government, but when they have given us that we shall believe that they are prepared to supply the rest. We shall then be able to concur in what Mr. BUXTON says—that the defensive force of this country is enormously enhanced by the rapidity with which, as compared with other countries, our army and its supplies could be gathered together at any designated point.

ITALY AND GERMANY.

THE appeal which Professor MOMMSEN has made to Italian justice and good sense is well-timed, although the immediate risk of intervention in the quarrel between France and Germany has been averted by the events of the war and the energetic diplomacy of the Prussian Minister at Florence. The arguments which seem most forcible to a German scholar are not perhaps the best adapted to the comprehension of ordinary Italians. It may be perfectly true that the study of questionable French novels has injuriously affected the literary taste and the morals of Italy; but EUGÈNE SUE and the younger DUMAS wrote for their own countrymen, without any malignant design on the virtue of foreigners. There is certainly no reason to fear that German fiction will be unduly attractive; nor indeed are the demands of circulating libraries likely to be materially affected by political changes. The argument that Italy owes no debt of gratitude to France is perhaps more to the purpose. The cession of Savoy and Nice may be fairly regarded as payment in full for the acquisition of Lombardy; and it must not be forgotten that in commencing the liberation of Italy the Emperor NAPOLEON disregarded the prejudices of the great majority of French politicians. The maintenance for nearly twenty years of a French garrison in Rome, and the marvellous performance of the Chassepôt rifles at Mentana, can scarcely be reckoned among the benefits conferred by France on Italy. Venetia was acquired in pursuance of a bargain concluded, not with France, but with Prussia, and the recent evacuation of Rome was effected by the pressure of German arms. It may possibly be true that the Prussian Minister has offered to assist Italy in recovering Savoy and Nice, while France has no territorial aggrandizement to offer as the price of an alliance. It is doubtful whether sympathies arising from race and language have any considerable influence on national alliances. It is true that both French and Italian are derived from Latin; but the Spaniards, who speak a third Romance dialect, are not remarkable for their attachment to the French; and the Danes, who are more nearly akin to the Germans than to the Latins of Southern Europe, would, but for paramount reasons of prudence, have gladly joined France in the present struggle. As a question of fact, it is uncertain whether the Italians really feel any strong predilection for the French. The motives which may have weighed with the KING and with a section of the Court have no general operation. The community at large probably wishes to keep clear of external complications, while enthusiasts cannot but feel that the attainment of their objects is rendered more feasible by the enforced withdrawal of the French from interference with Italian affairs. The friends of the POPE have never heartily trusted their Imperial patron, and the Republicans are attracted by common hostility to any assailant of the dynasty of NAPOLEON.

If the success of the Germans had been less rapid and less complete, it is possible that the Prussian Minister might have guarded against any possible disturbance of neutrality by providing the Italian Government with occupation at home. One of those ingenious writers who, after the manner of the Hebrew prophets, habitually embody a theory in a parable, has symbolized the imaginary succession of events in a statement that Baron ARNIM, on the discovery of a secret alliance between Italy and France, had paid a visit to Caprera. Diplomacy would assume a new form if ambassadors were in the habit of appealing to insurgent leaders against the policy of the Governments to which they are accredited. It is probably true that the agitators who are always contriving revolution in Italy would have welcomed any encouragement on the part of Prussia; and in default of foreign aid they have, it seems, been preparing for independent action. The Government has at last thought it necessary to arrest MAZZINI, who has in ordinary times been permitted with impunity to weave his transparent plots under the eyes of the police. So vigorous a measure would scarcely have been adopted unless an insurrection were imminent; and probably the scheme will be disconcerted by the removal of the chief conspirator. As soon as the danger is past MAZZINI will probably be liberated, and perhaps by that time the Roman question may have been provisionally settled. It is said that Cardinal ANTONELLI is inclined to make some arrangement with Italy, and possibly the POPE himself may at last understand the peril of his position. Since the departure of the French garrison the Papal army is apparently on the brink of dissolution, for both the French and the Bavarian soldiers profess, and perhaps feel, a desire to join their respective national standards in preference to the inglorious service in which they are at present engaged. Lord DENBIGH indeed exhorts Catholic volunteers to throng to the defence of the POPE, bringing with them

the means of subsistence; but recruits who give a bounty instead of receiving it are not readily obtained. The considerable Italian force which is now collected on the frontier of the Papal States may not improbably be invited to aid in the suppression of disorder; and an Italian garrison once occupying Rome would be likely to remain. Although the nominal sovereignty of the POPE might for the present be respected, the substitution of Italian troops for the French army of occupation would entirely alter the relation of Rome to the national Government. By degrees the civil authority would also be transferred, and a successor of the present POPE might not improbably be induced to accept the position of a purely spiritual Lama. If the Italian Government should be slack in taking advantage of opportunities, Rome may perhaps become the centre of a democratic revolution.

The suspicion that North Germany may undertake the Protectorate of the Holy See, now that it has been abandoned by France, has no foundation of probability. The Prussian Government has with varying success cultivated friendly relations with the POPE for the laudable purpose of satisfying its Catholic subjects; but the bishops and theologians who took the lead in the opposition to the POPE and the Jesuits in the Council would be the last to desire that their Government should support the temporal power by force. An Italian writer who answers MOMMSEN's address demands that Germany shall declare the Council of the Vatican to be void of all oecumenical authority. The German Governments will not undertake a duty with which they have no concern; but the German Church has through its most eminent prelates protested against the new dogma, although they have been outvoted by a herd of Italian bishops, who would, but for an error of RICASOLI's, have been either less numerous or less subservient to the POPE. If Italian statesmen require any security against the presence of a German garrison in Rome, they have only to look at the map. Ten or twenty thousand Germans encamped in Rome would always be at the mercy of France, which could in three days despatch an overwhelming force from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. The former garrison of Rome was accurately described as the vanguard of the French army, because it was in communication by sea with an unlimited reserve. A German contingent in the heart of Italy would be cut off by sea and by land from all possibility of reinforcement. Prudent politicians of every country may well object to the establishment of any preponderating Power in Europe; but if an equilibrium is unattainable, the best guarantee against ambitious encroachment is distance. While Austria retains its present limits, there is no point of contact between Italy and the territory of the North-German Confederation or of its allies. It may be true that German theorists or antiquaries have somewhere spoken of the Mincio as the Southern boundary of Germany; but the Italian districts to the North of the river are bounded by the Austrian province of Tyrol, and an attempt on the part of Prussia to realize the dreams of ambitious geographers is even more improbable than the introduction of a North-German garrison into Rome.

If nations thought themselves bound to be consistent, Italy ought to admire, in the exploits achieved by the Germans, the reproduction on a larger scale of its own extraordinary progress. French Liberalism opposed, in Italy as in Germany, the desire of a divided nation to escape from consequent weakness, and especially from foreign influence. Piedmont anticipated in Italy the mission of Prussia in Germany, and none of PLUTARCH's parallels is as close as the likeness between CAVOUR and BISMARCK. The analogy undoubtedly helped to mislead NAPOLEON III. into his disastrous attempt to levy a territorial fine on Germany as the price of her approximation to unity. If Italy had been a match for France in the field, CAVOUR would never have ceded an acre of VICTOR EMMANUEL's dominions; but it was only in a popular saying that Italy was able to do her work for herself. Comparative weakness has exposed the Italians to spoliation, but it has saved them from the necessity of fighting for existence. NAPOLEON III. might fairly contend in opposition to THIERS, to GUIZOT, and to the other enemies of Italy, that a monarchy which could be compelled to cede two of its most ancient possessions was almost as harmless a neighbour as if it had been a cluster or federation of petty principalities. It was because North Germany was more formidable than Italy that Frenchmen unanimously deemed it expedient to undertake a war for the re-establishment of the ancient state of subdivision. At one time it seemed probable that the EMPEROR's Italian policy would receive an additional justification from the French point of view, by providing him with an alliance which could never have been offered by Tuscany, by Parma, or by Naples; but wiser counsels happily prevailed, and there is for the present no probability that a

Latin coalition will be formed. The practical ability of the Italian Government will be sufficiently tasked in dealing with the perplexities of the Roman question. It will probably be expedient to give the POPE the aid which he is likely to require, and in return for a material service there will be an opportunity of extorting diplomatic concessions. The recognition which has hitherto been withheld from the King of ITALY can scarcely be refused to the protector of the Papacy. When the Germans have succeeded in convincing the French newspapers that they are not exclusively Prussians, the POPE may perhaps at last be induced to acknowledge that Piedmont is absorbed in Italy.

THE WAR OF 1870.

VI.

WHEN we closed our last week's survey with a few words on the terrible struggle round Metz, we declined to guess at the full extent of the consequences of the great battle which was then known to have been fought before its western front. And there is still so much concerning them which defies calculation, so much that depends upon such unknown co-efficients as the means of supply to the German leaguer, the tenacity and resource of BAZAINE, the amount of provisions and warlike stores available for his forces, that we should be rash to attempt those prophecies of the future which naturally lie ready to hand for any that choose to utter them.

The thread of our history takes us back first to the CROWN PRINCE, whose movements were so important at the outset of this war, but of late have had no immediate effect upon the contest towards which the eyes of the civilized world are turned. We left him struggling through the passes of the Vosges, where the difficulties of his passage with such a host proved greater than was reckoned on. The strong fort of Bitsch, and the citadel of Pfalsburg, the home of BRCKMANN-CHATRIAN's favourite hero, undauntedly defied the legions that pressed round them; and their successful defence, combined with stormy weather, had a powerful effect—judging from the few accounts that have reached us—in retarding the progress of the Third Army upon the two main routes. Certain it is that the CROWN PRINCE, whose head-quarters were close to the battle-field of Wörth on the night of his victory, had only reached Luneville on the 18th, having taken twelve days to traverse a space of no more than sixty miles as the crow flies. It is true that his twelve regiments of cavalry had passed on before him, scoured the bare plains of Lorraine, levied contributions at Nancy, and spread terror along the direct road to Paris to within forty miles of MACMAHON's camp at Châlons; but his immediate co-operation in the great contest round Metz was evidently as impossible as that rapid arrival at Châlons which has been too confidently predicted for him. When the KING fought his chief action on the 18th, his son was still more than fifty miles from him, and full twice that distance from Châlons. His army, therefore, may be regarded as nearly a week's march at that date from the vicinity of MACMAHON; for though correspondents may eulogize the infantry regiment which marched thirty kilometres in a day, it is quite a different thing to carry the bulk of a large army along at as rapid a rate, the problem indeed turning on many other conditions besides the goodness of men's legs. The weather was stormy, with very heavy rain, in the last part of the movement through the Vosges, and no doubt added considerably to the difficulties of the Prince's Staff in the great matter of supply.

We pass to the First and Second Armies, which became practically one from the time that the KING came upon the ground before Metz, bringing with him the strategist in whom he confides with so much justice.

It is well known that the battle of the 14th was wholly indecisive, except in so far as it may have caused some delay in the movement of BAZAINE's rear corps (DECAEN and LADMIRAULT) after the rest through the works of Metz. He had evidently then recognised the necessity of retreat, and the famous telegram which announced his head-quarters to be at Étain on the 16th was but the anticipation of what he intended to do. His enemy was not merely watchful, but was fully aware of his intention, and determined at all costs to prevent it; and whilst STEINMETZ with the First and Seventh Corps engaged the French rear before Metz, the rest of the troops were being pushed in steady succession towards the passage of the Meuse at Pont-a-Mousson, twenty miles above the fortress, and thence down the left bank, the KING himself transferring his head-quarters to their point of crossing, and later on to Gorze, a large village lying ten miles to the south-west of Metz, and very near the field of the great struggle which was before him.

There was some skirmishing on the 15th, as the Prussian leading troops drew near the southern of the two roads

which, dividing at Gravelotte, five miles west of Metz, pass on to Verdun, the one direct, the more northern through Etain. Both of these must have been completely covered with BAZAINE's columns and convoys, and through the cannonade the Prussian cavalry no doubt observed and reported the movement of the French to be a general one, and that it had not yet far advanced.

Marching steadily to the north-west, and carrying probably but little except their ammunition, the leading Prussian corps, the Third (the same which had so opportunely come upon the ground, under ALVENSLEBEN, to GOEBEN's support at Forbach), struck the flank of the French not far from the head of the column early on the 16th. By 9 A.M. the skirmish took the dimensions of a battle. BAZAINE was forced to stop and deploy the corps of FROSSARD, which had headed the retreat, and his other corps were gradually brought up to the right and left; whilst Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, who now took the command against them, supported ALVENSLEBEN with the Tenth, and later with parts of the Eighth and Ninth Corps. Ultimately the Prussians, pushing their left forward, headed BAZAINE's retreat off completely, and when the day closed the Marshal faced chiefly to the west with a front running across the two roads, about twelve miles from the fortress. He maintained himself here indeed, but the next day he found it expedient to fall back halfway to Metz, either (as he himself said) to get fresh ammunition, or, as is not less probable, to keep a better hold on the great fortress which he could not leave, and which was a certain temporary shelter in case of reverse.

The march of the great Prussian column went on unchecked during the 17th, only bearing less to the left than before, as they found their adversary retiring nearer the works. The Seventh Corps, now brought round, followed him along the southern road, and became aware that the French had halted with their left centre on the cross-roads at Gravelotte, and their line running along a flat-topped range of hill with steep sides, which passes due northward over the Briey-Metz road at Privat-la-Montagne. This last road runs nearly north-west from Metz, and continues on to Longwy and Sedan. The extreme right of the French line being near or upon it, their whole line was not less than five miles in length; and, taught by recent experience, they entrenched the weaker parts with rifle-pits, cut obstacles in the woods, and did all that a few hours would allow to make a naturally strong position almost proof against direct attack.

General VON MOLTKE was so well aware of the difficulties of overcoming their resistance by direct attack, that he resolved to execute such a great flanking movement as a very superior force authorises a general to carry out without dangerously prolonging and weakening his own front. The French left, however, was in high wooded ground, was very strongly held, and was nearer the works of the fortress than their right. He determined, therefore, to move beyond their whole front with his own left, and completely envelope the enemy's outer flank at Privat-la-Montagne. His army was deploying as it came up through Gorze to its left to get space, and now fronted chiefly northward, when the order was given for each of the more advanced corps to wheel completely to its right round the preceding one, and so face the new French position. The Seventh of course held its place and engaged the French left, supported by the Eighth and Third. But the Ninth moved for Verneville, a hamlet in the centre of the French position, while the Guards Corps marched on to the Briey road and attacked the French right, and the Twelfth supported it on its left. The movement of these three occupied (according to the interesting telegraphic despatch of the KING to the QUEEN, which has escaped most of our daily writers) the full four hours from 12 to 4 P.M.; nor can the battle be said to have begun until it was complete. Aided by the Twelfth Corps and the artillery of the Third, which was specially detached to its assistance, the Guard got round and mastered the French right, and the inevitable shaking of BAZAINE's line which followed was vigorously followed up by a renewed attack on Gravelotte by the Seventh and Eighth Corps, which carried the village, but failed in all attempts to advance beyond, until the Second—the last of the eight brought over the river—came on fresh to their support, and drove the French from their last hold of the rifle-pits, with the aid of the bayonet, and no doubt of overwhelming force. BAZAINE then finally fell back upon the fortress, having inflicted no doubt a fearful loss upon his enemy, but leaving his roads to the westward all in their hands, and his own army so reduced and disheartened that he has not dared or attempted the most obvious stroke left him, the passing through the town and throwing himself on the First and Fourth Corps, which appear—from their not being mentioned—to have been left alone of all the ten originally mustered, to watch Metz

on its eastern side, and maintain the communications of the KING with Forbach.

That this victory should have been followed by the seizure of the Metz-Thionville road, the only one open at its close, was a natural consequence. Nor less so that MOLTKE should put his hardly gained positions into a state of defence against any sally of the French, a work which from a private source we know to have been begun at Gravelotte early on the 19th. Such precautions may well enable him to use part of his forces to aid the CROWN PRINCE in his advance on Paris, or to join him in crushing MACMAHON should that Marshal venture a bold stroke for the relief of his beleaguered comrade. But we have no desire to pass from the domain of history into that of prophecy, and shall here leave the main armies for the present. They have had sufficient occupation in their respective movements, or in the completion of their wasted regiments, to account for the week that has gone by. The brave defence of Pfalsburg, and the bold bearing of General ULRICH at Strasburg, remind readers of Peninsular history of the fine qualities French governors showed at Badajos and San Sebastian, and give promise of much work to be done before the triumphant German standard floats on the walls of Metz.

COMPENSATIONS.

THE study of human nature and the varieties of human fate and circumstance would be too painful for legitimate entertainment but for the comfortable theory of compensations. Being a comfortable theory, no doubt it may easily be driven too far. We cannot get over the existence of enormous inequalities, violent contrasts, extremes of prosperity and adverse fortune; but the fact of compensations, of a hidden balance equalizing apparent opposites, of a busy though secret worker reconciling and harmonizing visible diversities, grows upon us in proportion to the extent and variety of our opportunities for observation. Those who see most, we feel convinced, are the least perplexed by the effects of fortune on human happiness. We will not touch here upon the more terrible trials of humanity—pain and disorder, whether of body or mind; not because they are beyond the question, but because the consideration of them has nothing to do with our present line of reflection. This leads us rather to observe the happy influence of what are called the weaknesses of human nature in striking a balance between various destinies. We have more especially in view the bliss of ignorance, the virtue of a narrow ken, the small vanities and happy blindnesses which elevate low fortune, give dignity to mean circumstances, and magnify an insignificant post into importance. We are not now talking of men as they are good or bad, but as they are constituted to extract from the things around them such happiness as this earth has to give for their individual share. In this sense we may truly say that scarcely any freak, however unkind, of nature or fate renders the victim as unhappy as the spectator supposes him to be. There is always some cherished equivalent for the good that is denied, and in proportion to the magnitude of the evil is the tenacity with which this counterbalancing good is clung to. It is common to pity the objects of nature's caprice for the care they bestow on personal adornment. But this is a perfectly natural care, nor can we call it other than a wise one. The least graceful form has its good points, or at any rate can be made a subject of interest and cheerful solicitude to those whom it most concerns, by sedulously excluding the daylight of a too impartial survey. The discomforts of the poor have, we are convinced, a hundred compensations, so long as their privations do not too keenly touch bodily sensation; such as freedom from restraint, liberty of speech, and the absence of responsibility which a set daily task brings. Or, if that task is declined in favour of idleness, what compensations does not idleness offer for the inconveniences it entails—short-lived, it is true, and divested of moral dignity, but which it needs but small effort in most of us to understand! An old Mexican woman begging for scraps at the door of a former mistress was reproached for quitting comfortable service. "How could you leave a place where you got good food and twelve dollars a month?" "Jesu!" she replied; "if you did but know the pleasure of doing nothing!" How many a wayside tramp and importunate beggar, if they had the candour, would put in the same vindication, relieving us of a weight of superfluous compassion. Pity is an excellent gift, when rightly bestowed, but it is often egregiously misplaced; nor should we ever lavish it on any object without proposing to ourselves the question what out-of-sight, or at least unparaded, compensation there may be to qualify or perhaps nullify the seeming calamity; for misplaced pity is to some minds insult, and to the best and most forbearing an unvalued offering.

In this stirring age there are conditions of existence on which we are specially apt to bestow this unwelcome alms. Our sympathy cannot readily adapt itself to them, and for that very reason we should the more carefully consider whether they may not have their possible compensations. All forms of monotony and flat seclusion come under this class. In spite of the general movement and turmoil of our day there are yet people in England who, in the changeless posture of their lives and the sameness of their outlook, remind us of colossal statues on Egyptian plains. Both are alike half-buried, whether to their busier neighbours or to gazing awe-struck spectators. Where is the compensation for this stagnant existence? and yet, as the living marble

surveys the dreary expanse with a serenity and composure truly sphinx-like, we may be quite sure it is there. For nothing is so consolatory, nothing offers such confirmation of our view of the universality of compensations through the whole scale of social distinctions, whether of place or circumstance, as this index of the countenance. Those whom the world calls fortunate do not show any immunity from care and trial in their faces; those whom it pities carry what is called a good face upon it. The rich man looks as anxious as his poor neighbour; the plain woman beams with complacency while the belle may chance to fret or frown. The features of our stone-deaf friend are marked by an angelic serenity. The Calvinist who boasts of his assurance of bliss wears a scowl of care; his theological opponent, who denounces his presumption, has a look of jollity. The truth is, it is not the actual condition of people's affairs, as we measure them, which tells upon feeling and temper. We can only hold in our apprehension isolated facts and fragments of circumstance; and of a great many human miseries, as well as advantages and benefits, it may be said that while we do not think of them they do not exist. Whatever troubles surround a man, it is a compensation that he can forget them, that he can turn his thoughts to pleasant subjects. The plain woman, for instance, has a faith in, and passion for, dress; the dulled ear belongs to a reader who maintains an omnivorous and uncloyed taste for novels far into the septuagenarian period. Our friends, then, who live in monotony are not victims, or they would show another countenance. But how is this? We see no change, to call change, in present or in prospect for them. Their life is not a stream, as we think, but a pond, without even ornamental banks and a weeping willow to give it sentiment. We search in vain for any escape from the pressure of sameness, of prim rigidity and unprofitable barren order. Yet perhaps we have only to make an effort to throw light upon the picture.

In the first place, it is to be remembered, that to every living being he himself is the centre of the universe; he is a fact to himself so impressive, so ever present, that in comparison all things else are shadows. All must apply to themselves Swift's saying, "Whoever lives at a different end of the town from me I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself, and the scene about me, to be in it." And by an intellectual effort we may extend this idea to those who lead active lives in the thick of general interests. We allow (though we do not actually realize) that they have an identity equal to our own, because their lives are ordered upon the model which we think most conducive to vigour and happiness. It is only necessary, by a stretch of imagination, to do the same justice to men of dull lives. But because they are outsiders to us, we are prone to think them outsiders to themselves. If we can once suppose them centres to their own thoughts a step is gained towards sympathy. They may, after all, have as strong a grasp of their position, as acute a sense of holding a place in the world, as any successful general or triumphant statesman.

We may further observe that the power to endure monotony with serenity and dignity implies a certain strength of character; and conscious strength in bearing what restless spirits recoil from no doubt imparts that grave cheerfulness which we notice on some faces. This is a fact which may justly excite some complacency; but it is no disparagement to the most effective and serviceable of compensations that they are mainly made up of illusions. The existence most agreeable to our sympathy could not flourish and do its work without them—without attaching extravagant importance to what are trifles, without giving undue weight to matters of some real moment, without supposing self to be more indispensable to the general good than the bare truth justifies. What, then, are the illusions of people of monotonous lives, whether self-chosen or acquired in from necessity? We think they lie a great deal in a value for monotony as such, in a sense of the dignity of employment in the degree in which it is measured and uniform, in a respect for habit for its own sake. Such people pride themselves on being able to do the same things day after day, and the things they do grow in value through the mere force of repetition, as a stone thrown every day grows into a pyramid at last. However trifling may be the occupations which perhaps they were at first driven to employ themselves upon, habit aggrandizes them. Nothing that is done every day at a stated hour can remain a trifle—not if it were the twisting of lighters for the taper or the picking of rose-leaves. It assumes moral proportions, it has claims not easily broken in upon. And next, all persons exercise authority over somebody or something, and authority is swayed with an extraordinary sense of power by these people of unchanging lives. They are strict from a sense of duty in their own habits, and therefore over all whom they can control they cast the spell of sameness. And as the sense of power strengthens under this use, so does that of possession; and we believe that persons of extremely quiet uneventful lives enjoy the sense of possession in an uncommon degree. Their minds are less diverted from it by varieties and digressions. Possession is no doubt a very great pleasure when it is realized. It is a sense strong in proportion to its narrowness and fixity. It is perfectly impossible to feel the same hold of fifty thousand pounds that a poor man does of a sovereign, and it is the strength of hold which gives form and stability to the pleasure. This does not imply any miserly grasp of possessions, only that what is given, as well as what is held, is realized with a peculiar force. In all affluence, whether of wealth or excitement, there is much that cannot be enjoyed

because there is so much of it; but ownership is strong in proportion as the possessions are within our grasp and reviewed every day.

Where self-chosen monotony reigns, there is also a deep feeling of its importance—of much depending on those who preside over it. Sameness is so much like respectability that a work is being done in simply supporting and carrying on a settled order of things, and this imparts a sense of weight and responsibility. It is impossible not to grow into a sort of example under the pressure of regularity. People who go to bed at ten all the year round cannot avoid passing a mild censure on those who sit up till midnight, and in this way every act of life carries with it its sense of complacency. It is done on a different rule from that which guides the shifting changeable herd. And also there is the self-satisfied boast of Peace. Sameness looks like peace; and when persons are in a position to be flattered, "peace" is the politest way of describing a monotonous existence. Indeed it is peace to one side, though not to him who uses the term, secretly owning the life which he compliments to be repulsive to his livelier notions. It is peace also in the consent of two minds, where two are agreed to enact together the hands of the dial, and to mark in concert the progress of time by a succession of similar and precisely recurrent acts.

Though we by no means include in our picture those persons whose outer monotony of existence hides a latent fire of impulse and genius, yet we have spoken of strong-minded persons who have a sway beyond their own homestead. Their opinions, fixed as their habits, are emphatically their own. As nothing that is done always is trivial, so no opinion that they have brooded over can be treated as immaterial, as a fit subject for banter or argument, or as subject to change. Nor can we tell what silent and unnoticed power as a deadweight against innovation these people's opinions may still possess, matured as they have been in those homes of moveless, calm, inexorable sameness and impossibility to new impressions.

ROGERSLAND.

SOME of our readers may possibly remember our amazement a few weeks back at the sight of the name "Rogers," as it appeared in one of Mr. C. H. Pearson's Historical Maps, turned loose, it would seem, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, without being tied down to any town, castle, or other special local habitation. Our searchings of heart as to that mystery have not as yet been rewarded by any definite explanation. Only some lighter spirits have ventured to hint that, as regards that one piece of geography at least, the labours of Mr. Pearson must have been prophetic rather than historical, and that what was really meant was the state of things which is to take place among the Yorkshire boroughs as soon as certain disabilities, at once antiquated and modern, shall be happily taken away. But if Mr. Pearson had been content to change his *venue* from the West Riding to the Welsh Marches, he would have been fully justified in turning loose his Roger—or even, as a *pluribus excellente*, his "Rogers"—over a district quite as large as that which seems thrown open to him in the actual map. May we improve on Mr. Pearson's hint, and venture to coin the name *Rogersland* to express that not very small part of our island on which the famous Roger of Montgomery has left his name and his impress, probably for ever?

First of all it is something for a real and undoubted historical man, not a solar myth or an eponymous hero, but a man of flesh and blood, whose parents and wives and children and kinsfolk are all people of flesh and blood likewise, to have shared the honours of the mythical Hellen and Romulus, of the, if possible, yet more mythical Angul and Dan, and to have given his name, if not to a tribe or a nation, at least to a portion of the earth's surface. The honour is certainly not unique; it is shared on a greater scale by the Frankish Lothar before him, and by the Turkish Othman after him; it is shared on a smaller scale by the *eponymi* of endless particular towns and lordships; but it stands alone in the nomenclature of English shires for a county to take its name from a town which takes its name from a well-known man of a date so late as the eleventh century.

Roger of Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, is, we need hardly say, one of the most prominent names in the reign of the Conqueror and his successor. He established a power second only at the time to that of his great neighbour Hugh the Wolf of Chester, and which, in its name at least, has been by far the more abiding of the two. The name which he drew from the elder Montgomery, a hill-fort in the diocese of Lisieux, he transferred to a new hill-fort on the Welsh border. From thence Montgomery became the name of the town which arose at the foot of the hill, and from thence it was long after transferred to the shire, of which, under the new division of the Welsh Marches, it became what we suppose we must call the capital, though—a point in which the late Welsh shires conspicuously differ from the early Mercian shires—certainly not the geographical centre. The spot however to which Roger gave his name was not the spot from which he drew his title or that which was his chief seat of dominion. The home of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of the Mercians, as he is once, with some exaggeration, called by Orderic, was placed at the town which gave its name to his Earldom, the old capital of the *Scrobbetias*, the head of the one Mercian shire which has its name, cognate indeed with that of its chief town, but not actually derived from it. Shrewsbury is certainly a town which, if it were only in a foreign country, people would set down as a place of high interest. The town and its

neighbourhood have been, we believe, at no time slow to acknowledge their own merits, but it is certain that they have no small merits to acknowledge. The history of the town has some points of analogy to that of Exeter, but its claim to a continuous existence from pre-historic times cannot be so clearly made out. Whether Shrewsbury was a Roman town is at least doubtful; it has at all events no such positive proof to show as *Isca Damnoniorum*. But there can be no doubt that the Pen-y-wern of the Britons, the later Shrewsbury of the English, was, like Exeter, for a long time a barrier against English invasion, to become, like Exeter, a seat, as well as a badge and seal, of English dominion. It was not till late in the eighth century, long after all England had embraced the Christian faith, that the British stronghold bowed to the conquering arms of Offa, and that the Severn ceased in this part of its course to be a boundary river. The conquest of the capital of course involved the conquest of a large surrounding territory, and Shrewsbury under its new name became almost as important a point in this region as Exeter was in the south-west.

The site is one marked out by nature for defence and for dominion, and it is one which may well remind the visitor of the more famous sites of Bern and Besançon. Very different, however, has been the history of the three towns. The free Imperial city of Besançon, the metropolis of the Cisjurane Burgundy, has sunk in the common bondage of a foreign monarchy. Bern and Shrewsbury are still free, the one retaining the loftier but more precarious freedom of a small—by comparison hardly to be called a small—commonwealth, the other enjoying the less dignified, the less exciting, but the calmer and surer freedom of a member of a great consolidated State. All three occupy peninsular sites, encompassed severally by the Aar, the Doubs, and the Severn. All three look out on a bold and picturesque landscape, though it would of course be folly to compare the hills, goodly though they be, which meet the eye either at Shrewsbury or at Besançon with the vast mountain range on which the patricians of Bern might—if they had not carefully turned their windows the other way—have looked out on from their own homes. In another point the city on the Doubs agrees with the borough on the Severn, in opposition to their third compeer. No fortress shuts in the peninsula of the Aar; no badge of single authority rises above the dwellings of those proud and equal nobles. But Besançon, the Imperial city, "*Deo et Caesaris fidelis perpetuo*," was soon bridled by its conqueror with a fortress after the most scientific type of defence of its own age. So the neck of the isthmus of Shrewsbury has been in like manner guarded by a succession of strongholds, which have served in different ages to defend or to coerce the town and the entrance to which it commands. The position of both town and castle is at once strong and picturesque. The town, which stands on the Welsh side of the stream, crowns a height of elevation enough to give a good deal of steepness to many of the streets, but which by no means occupies the whole of the peninsula. The castle stands on the isthmus, on a greater height rising immediately above the river and commanding the whole town and neighbourhood. The buildings of the original town approach the river only at three points, the eastern and western bridges—the English and Welsh bridges—and the water-gate lying on the east side between the castle and the English bridge. Indeed a large part of the peninsula still remains uncovered by houses, the growth of the town having rather taken the form of suburbs beyond the isthmus and again beyond the bridges. It is one of these last suburbs which most directly connects modern Shrewsbury with the name of its most famous, though not its noblest, Earl. The conqueror of the Marches cannot be placed side by side with the defender of Aquitaine. Yet in the mixed character of Earl Roger there are points which may fairly claim respect, and Englishman and Briton alike may let national jealousies sleep within the patched and mutilated remains of the great minster which he reared. It was in the latter half of the year 1069, after a gallant warfare under Eadric of Herefordshire, Eadric the Wild, that this part of England finally submitted to the Conqueror. The inevitable castle was raised to curb the conquered town and district, but of the work of William and Roger no trace remains. The towers which so picturesquely crown the heights are all later in date and style, and even the gateway, though still Romanesque, shows the style in a form somewhat too late for the days of the first Earl. But in 1083 he began a more enduring work. Outside the eastern gate, beyond the river, stood a wooden church, founded "*in priscis temporibus*," in the old time, the days of King Eadward, by an English priest named Siward. That church became the cure of Odalirius of Orleans, the son of Constantius, the confessor of the Earl. In the eyes of the reigning Pontiff the sins of Odalirius himself would have been heavier than any which Earl Roger, or even his wife the cruel Mabel, could have had to reveal to him. He married seemingly a woman of the county, a kinswoman of the founder Siward, and he became the father of at least two sons, Orderic, our fullest chronicler of these times, and his younger brother Benedict. By the counsel of Odalirius, in the space of ten years a Benedictine Abbey arose on the site of the wooden church of Siward; there Odalirius and his son Benedict became monks, and there Earl Roger himself, after assuming the monastic garb, found his own last resting-place in 1093. As in so many other cases, the monastic portion of the church perished at the Dissolution, and nothing now remains but the mutilated nave, the strict successor of the wooden church of Siward. Of the monastic buildings large portions were swept away within a few years to

make way for a railway station. But in the church itself three arches of plain and massive Norman work still remain, possibly the work of Roger himself, at all events the continuation of the design which he began. He died, and his honours passed away to his son, the infamous Robert of Belesme, the wicked son of a wicked mother.

Thus arose the Abbey of Shrewsbury, and the district between it and the original town is known as the Abbey Foregate. The name appears in an early record as "*Biforieta, id est ante portam*," and ingenious men, who seemingly knew more Latin than English, have failed to understand that *Beforegate* simply was *Beforegate*, and have puzzled themselves to find out whether *Biforieta* had anything to do with *fores* and *triforium*. Shrewsbury thus obtained a monastic suburb, outside the gate and beyond the river, and such a colony of regulars might, in the ideas of those days, have seemed almost craved for by the state of things within the town. In the elder Shrewsbury no ancient monastic institution existed; in later ages there arose only two or three houses of the inevitable Friars. But the borough was a very stronghold of the secular clergy. No less than three churches of secular canons, Saint Mary, Saint Chad, and Saint Alkmund (Ealhmund), stood within its walls. It might almost seem that, at the time of the Conquest, Shrewsbury contained none but collegiate churches. The wooden church of Siward, out of which the Abbey grew, is spoken of in Domesday as "*ecclesia parochialis civitatis*." Of these churches Saint Mary's alone is perfect; of Saint Chad's only a small fragment, chiefly of late Norman date, remains, the church having been rebuilt in modern times on another site and after modern fancies. Saint Alkmund again, like the neighbouring parish church of Saint Julian, retains only its steeple; the bodies of both have been rebuilt. Of the three collegiate foundations Saint Alkmund's lost its collegiate character early, its endowments having been transferred to Lilleshall Abbey. But the other two retained their Chapters down to the suppression under Edward, and the fabric of Saint Mary's still survives, a work of various dates, dating from the later days of the twelfth century onwards, but whose more important parts exhibit a singular form of the Transition, the main arches being round, while the mouldings are far advanced towards Early Gothic. The church was clearly designed, like many others, for two towers, a western and a central, that is a lantern and a bell-tower, but the western tower alone was carried up. The same arrangement must also have existed at the abbey, but owing to the destruction of the eastern portion, the western tower alone remains, a low and massive structure of the Perpendicular style, whose addition involved the rebuilding of the western part of the nave.

The domestic antiquities of the town force themselves on the eye of the visitor. Few towns are richer in those picturesque half-bricked houses so characteristic of Shropshire and the adjoining shires. The gates, except the outer arch of the water-gate, have vanished, but on the south side of the town a considerable portion of the walls and a single tower still remain.

For Earl Roger to move from his castle of Shrewsbury to the castle to which he gave the name of his old Lexovian home was doubtless a matter of some thought and trouble. The modern traveller passes from Shrewsbury to Montgomery by a railway trip of somewhat more than an hour, followed by a walk of under two miles. The road lies through a lovely country, passing by hills of finer and bolder outline than any in the immediate neighbourhood of either of the two towns, and the traveller who walks from the primitive Montgomery station is after no very long march rewarded by seeing the ruins of the castle soaring over his head like a true vulture's nest—an Alamout of the Assassins—crowning a high and steep rock close in his path. To any but a professed mountaineer the direct ascent is far from despicable; but the distant view and the aspect of the place itself amply repay the labour, while for the less energetic visitor easier paths are open from the little town which lies on its eastern side. The remains of the castle are small and shattered, and it is by no means clear whether any portion of Roger's own work still remains. But few sites are more suggestive. The position is not the highest, the view is not the most extensive, in the immediate neighbourhood; but no point could have been better chosen to command and overawe the town and the richer country at its foot. It had been chosen for that purpose by earlier defenders and invaders, as the isthmus of the peninsular hill on which the castle stands is cut off from the higher ground beyond it by a double ditch, which has the air of being far older than the days of Earl Roger. Here on his crag the Norman chieftain appears in his least amiable aspect, and we cannot help asking what were the employments or amusements of the talkative and cruel Mabel, when caged, cribbed, confined on a spot like this, where there were no monks of Ouche to oppress, no house of Geroy to persecute with all the hate of an hereditary ingratitude.

The two seats of Earl Roger's power are well contrasted. That which arose at his mere bidding, perhaps at his mere caprice, has practically vanished. The castle is a wreck, the town hardly rises above a village. But the ancient English borough, the earlier British fortress, which owed its being to the will of no single man, but to the needs of a national policy in peace and war, still survives and flourishes, outstripped by more modern rivals, but still holding no mean place among the secondary boroughs of England.

SOMETHING TO WORRY

A HUMANE condescension to instinct has lately supplied ladies' lapdogs with an ingenious instrument of mock torture, in the shape of an india-rubber head which hops about the room on the smallest persuasion, and squeaks shrilly when caught and worried. The animal has thus the pleasure of mauling something which seems to suffer from the process; while in reality it hurts nothing, but expends its tormenting energy on a quite unfeeling creature, whose *raison d'être* it is to be worried and made to squeak. It would be well for some of us if those people who must have something to worry would be content with a creature analogous to the lapdog's india-rubber head. It would do just as well for them, and it would save us who feel a great deal of real pain. Tippoo Sahib was a wise man when he caused his automaton to be made, in which a tiger seemed to be tearing at the prostrate figure of a wooden European, and the group gave out mingled growls and groans at the turning of a handle in its side. It might have been a dismal fancy perhaps, but the fancy was better than the reality, and did quite as well for the purpose, which was for the monarch to keep himself in good humour by the charm of something to worry.

There are few pains in life greater than the companionship of one of those ill-assorted people who must have something to worry, and who are only happy with a grievance. No fortune, no fair possessions of love or beauty, or what one would think must be the sources of intense happiness, are spells to exorcise the worrying spirit, opiates to allay the worrying fever. If in the midst of all they have to make them blessed among the sons of men there hops the squeaking ball, in an instant every good thing belonging to them is forgotten, and there is nothing in heaven and earth but that one obtruding grievance, that one intolerable annoyance. Nothing is too small for them to make into a gigantic evil, and be offended at accordingly. They will not endure with patience the minutest, or the most inevitable, of the crosses of life—things which every one has to bear alike, which no one can help, and concerning which the only wisdom is to meet them with cheerfulness, tiding over the bad time as quietly as possible till things take a turn. Not they. They know the luxury of having something to complain of, and they like to feel wronged. The wind is in the east, and they are personally injured; the rain has come on a pleasure day, or has not come in a seed-sowing week, and they fret grimly, and make every one about them uncomfortable, as if the weather was a thing to be arranged at will, and a disappointing day was the result of wilful mismanagement. Life is a burden to them and all about them because the climate is uncertain and the elements are out of human control. They make themselves the most wretched of martyrs, too, if they are in a country they do not like; and they never do like the country they are in. If down in a valley, they are suffocated; if in the plains or on a table-land, they hate monotony and long for undulations; if they are in a wooded district, they dread the damp, and worry about the autumn exhalations; if on a moor, who can live without green hills and singing birds? They are sorely exercised concerning clay and gravel; and they find as many differences in the London climate within a half-hour's walk as people who do not worry would find between St. Andrews and Mentone. But they are no nearer the right thing wherever they go; and the people belonging to them may as well bear the worry at Brompton as at Hampstead, in Cumberland as in Cornwall, and so save both trouble and expense.

These worrying people never let a thing alone. If they have once found a victim they keep him; crueller in this than cats and tigers, which play with their prey only for a time, but finally give the *coup de grâce* and devour its bones and all. But worrying folk never have done with their prey, be it person or thing, and have the art of persistence—a way of establishing a raw—that drives their poor victims into temporary insanity. This persistency, indeed, and the total indifference to the maddening effect they produce, are the oddest parts of the performance. They begin again for the twentieth time, just where they left off, as fresh as if they had not done it all before, and as eager as if you did not know exactly what was coming. And it makes no kind of difference to them that their worrying has no effect, and that things go on exactly as they are now, exactly as they would have done had there been no fuss about them at all. Granting, however, that the old proverb about constant dropping and inevitable wearing is fulfilled, and that worrying accomplishes its end, it had better have been let alone; for no one was ever yet worried into compliance, or out of a habit, who did not in some way or other make the worrier repent and wish more than once that he had let matters remain where he had found them. Being imbued with the unfortunate belief that all things and persons are to be ordered to their liking, the worriers think themselves justified in flying at the throat of everything they dislike, and in making their dislikes special and peculiar grievances. The natural inclination of boys to tear their clothes and begrime their hands, to climb up ladders at the peril of their necks, and to make themselves personally unpleasant to every sense, is a burden laid specially on them, if they chance to be the parents of vigorous and robust youth; the cares of their family are greater than the cares of any other family; and no one understands what they go through, though every one is told pretty liberally. Hint at the sufferings of others, and they think you unfeeling and unsympathetic; try to cheer them, and they affront them; unless you would offend them for life, you must listen patiently to the repetition of their miseries, continually

twanged on one string, and feign the commiseration you cannot feel.

It is impossible for these people to go through life in amity with all men. They may be very good Christians theoretically; most likely they are, according to the law of compensation by which theory and practice so seldom go together; but the elementary doctrines of peace and goodwill are beyond their power of translation into deeds. They have always some one who is Mordecai to them; some one connected with them, whose habits, nature, whose very being is a decided offence, and whom therefore they worry without mercy. You never know these people to be without a grievance. It may be husband or brother, friend or servant, as it happens; but there is sure to be some one whose existence puts them out of tune, and on whom therefore they revenge the discord by continual worrying. Yet they would be miserable if their grievance was withdrawn, leaving them for the time without a victim. It would be only for a time indeed; for the exit of one would be the signal for the entrance of another. The millennium to these people would be intolerable dullness; and supposing them translated into heaven, they would of a certainty travesty the child's desire, and ask for a little devil to worry, if not to play with. Women are sad sinners in this way. Men who stay at home and potter about get like them, but women, who are naturally nervous, and whose lives are spent in small things, are generally more worrying than men; at least in daily life and at home. Indeed, the woman who is more cheerful and hopeful than easily depressed, and who does not worry any one, is the exception rather than the rule, and to be prized as one would prize any other rarity. Children come in for a good deal of domestic worrying; and under pretence of good management and careful education are used as mamma's squeaking heads, which lie ever handy for a chase. Any one who has been in a family where the mother is of a naturally worrying temper, and where a child has a peculiarity, can appreciate to the full what the propensity is. With substantial love at heart, the mother leads the wretched little creature a life worse than that of the typical dog; and makes of its peculiarity, whatever that may be, a personal offence, which she is justified in resenting and never leaving alone. And if it be so with her children, much more with her husband, for whom her tenderness is naturally less; though concerning him she evidently does not know her own mind; for when she has worried into his grave the man who all his life was such a trial to her, such a cross, perhaps such a brute, she puts on widow's weeds of the deepest hue, and worries her sons and daughters with the uncomfortable reaction in favour of "poor papa," whose virtues come to the front with a bound; or may be she continues the old song in a different key, substituting compassion and a sublime forgiveness in place of her former annoyance, but harping all the same on the old strain, and rasping the old sores.

Infelicitous at home, these worrying people are almost more than flesh and blood can bear as travelling companions abroad. Always sure that the train is going to start and leave them behind, that their landlord is a robber and in league with brigands, that they will be dashed down the precipice which tens of thousands have passed in safety before; worrying about the luggage, and where is that trunk? and are you sure you saw the portmanteau safe? and have you the keys? and the custom-house officers will find that bottle of eau-de-cologne and charge both fine and duty for it; and have you changed the money? and are you sure you have enough? and what are the fares? and you have been cheated; and what a bill for only one breakfast and one night!—and so on. The persons who undertake a journey with a constitutional worrier ought to have nerves of iron and a head of ice. They will leave nothing to the care of ordinary rule, let nothing go by faith. The luggage is always being lost, according to them; accidents are certain to happen half a dozen times a day, and the beds are invariably damp. Their mosquito bites are worse than any other person's, and no one is plagued with small beasts as they are. They worry all through the journey, till you wish yourself dead twenty times at least before the month is out; and when they come home, they tell their friends they would have enjoyed themselves immensely had they been allowed, but they were so much annoyed and worried they lost half the pleasure of the trip. So it will be to the end of time. As children, fretful; as boys and girls, impatient and ill-tempered; as men and women, worrying, interfering, restless; as old people, peevish and exacting—they will die as they have lived, and the world about them will draw a deep breath of relief when the day of their departure comes, in spite of any virtues they may have had, and will feel their atmosphere so much the lighter for their loss. Poor creatures! They are conscious of not being loved as they love, and as perhaps they deserve to be loved; but it would be impossible, even by a surgical operation, to make them understand the reason why; and that it is by their own habit of incessantly worrying that they have chilled the hearts of their friends, and have been such a burden to others that their removal is a release and the promise of a life of peace.

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

ADDISON speaks of

An Iliad rising out of one campaign, and to some extent, but by no means completely, the line illustrates some of the conditions of the present war. The present

Emperor's Italian war, and the conquest of the Austrians by the Prussians in the Seven Days' war of 1866, were brief and complete enough; but their suddenness and rapidity detracted from an adequate conception of their importance. What was true of those tremendous campaigns is much more true of the present frightful strife. Time and space, the philosophers tell us, are necessary for the conception of all human things; but time and space seem to have changed their properties. No doubt the suffering, the carnage, the destruction, the horrible incidents of death, are much the same in all great military conflicts; and in one respect the great battles of history in which fifty or sixty thousand men were destroyed were more miserable than these fights round Metz, because surgical aid and the care of the wounded were in other days unknown. But if—to apply, inaccurately enough, the Berkeleyian formula—the *esse* of a thing is *percipi*, the present war exceeds in horror all the wars that have ever been. We know all, and a great deal too much, about it. We traverse the ghastly fields of slaughter; we hear the terrible cannonade, and the still more terrible groanings; we know, or might know, the history of every desolate home and every ruined family. Even as late as the Peninsular war the tidings of Vittoria or Salamanca came to us in England in a cold historical way. Those battles were nearer our time, but were not so very much more actual to us, than those of Crécy or Agincourt. Now all this is changed. We are and we are not sharers, personal agents, in the fight. We have the disadvantages of either position. This is a new condition of the human mind. The situation demands of us, if not new faculties, yet the application of the faculties to conditions out of all experience. We seem to require an addition to the human mind to accustom itself to these new duties. As hitherto constituted, or rather as far as the constitution of the mind has been tried, we are incapable of that adaptation to facts which seems now required of us. It is no wonder then that we cannot fully appreciate the present war, simply because we are incapable of the effort. We are too feeble to grasp the immensity of the events of the last six weeks. A measure of capacity is limited, and beyond a certain point it ceases to contain. This is our present condition; and the result is that our conceptions must be quite inadequate. There is too much for us to take in and assimilate. To form a conception requires time and reflection; but there is no time and reflection in the matter. As with astronomical distances and measures, we hear of perhaps a hundred thousand men killed and wounded in a fortnight, but the danger is that these cyphers present themselves to us much as the distance of Sirius or the bulk of Jupiter. These things, we may begin to suspect, must have their results, not only upon ourselves, but upon human nature.

For let us remember under what special and new conditions the events of such a war present themselves. War is of course war, and the destruction of human life at Metz is much as the destruction of human life was at Cannæ. But our human nature is not that old human nature. The sacredness of man's life, the horrors of war simply as destruction of human happiness, the wickedness and cruelty and irrationality of mere brute strength, the inhuman and inconclusive nature of the last argument of kings, these are modern truths. We thought, or supposed that we thought, we had outgrown all those heathen and Jewish notions about exterminating nations. In a rude, fierce, fanatical, and sanguinary age of the world we expect to hear, though when we hear we writhe under, the bloody annals of Syrian and Goth, and Hun and Dane. And yet, if history is ransacked, no war presents so little moral justification as the present. Making all abatements, and admitting all qualifications, and allowing for all declarations, the cause of the war is to settle which of two great nations is the strongest in brute force. The long, steady, complete preparation for the war on either side shows that this, very simple and intelligible motive was at the bottom of it. It is precisely the noble ambition which impels two savage dogs who happen to live in the same village to fight it out and see which is the strongest dog. Very natural perhaps for a brute; but the horrible thing is that it does not seem so horrible for France and Prussia. The Emperor and French opinion, Count Bismarck and Prussian opinion, do not see that it is anything but natural. No doubt to say this is to say mere platitude and commonplace. But platitude and commonplace are, after all, the fundamental elements of reason and right; and the wonderful and horrible thing is that these fundamentals are at this moment as though they were not. The two most polished and advanced and educated and representative nations of the world have not got beyond the natives of Dahomey. Or rather, having acquired the notions of justice and right, having gained intellectual and scientific and literary advancement, being in the very van of civilization and education, they have deliberately fallen back upon barbarism in its very worst aspect—barbarism, that is, without the excuse of ignorance and moral and intellectual darkness. These things will have one frightful effect; they will make the educated world cynical. There will be a temptation to deny the reality of right, if its obligations are so very practically abandoned by those who know them best. European, or as it is called, Christian, character cannot go through the present distress without being sensibly, it may be permanently and essentially, deteriorated by these political crimes.

It is not, therefore, the murderous conflicts, the loss of life, the sickening diaries of the surgeon, or the more revolting insouciance of the war chroniclers who jocularly describe a bursting shell as "a puff, puff," and who knock off a cannonade in the

baby gabble of "boom, boom"—it is not these things alone which are horrible, but the moral consequences of such a war on civilization. Is human progress an illusion? Have we exchanged one barbarism for another, and the present barbarism the very worst because mixed up with so much of what is advance and refinement and the higher development of man? Or is it the old devil which has returned, bringing with him seven devils—intellectual, educated, philosophical, scientific, and artistic devils? It is said, and we try to think, that the publicity which is given to all the horrors of war nowadays—to its cruelty, its savagery, its vindictiveness, its sufferings—is the best guarantee against all future wars. But it is perhaps true that exactly the reverse comes of it. We are ourselves all but partakers in the fight; it is scarcely more than a day's journey from our homes; we almost walk the bloody floors of the hospitals, and we all but hear the shrieks and lamentations and mourning and woe. But the presence and familiarity with the actuality of war does not necessarily insure personal detestation of war. The German burgher and artisan who returns to his trade and family will not go back a more merciful man; the French conscript, if he returns to his village, will not have learned lessons of humanity, nor have increased his reverence for life and for the pursuit of higher aims, by his Alsace experiences. French and German national character anyhow will have suffered great moral deterioration. Already the war has stirred up the passions of the Vendetta. A Berlin Correspondent tells us that the gentle German is "now instigated by revenge, and heartily enjoys the work in hand." There is little chivalry in the present war, but plenty of bitter hatred. The more we know of war, personally or all but personally, it does not seem that we are the less reluctant to engage in it. We learned a good deal about the details of carnage in the Crimea; so did the French. Both France and Prussia had a sufficiently intimate, exact, and experimental knowledge of what comes of war, what it consists of and what it means, at Solferino and Sadowa; but this experience seems to have been anything but deterrent. The Press, the Railway, the Telegraph, and the Special Correspondent have not accomplished those pacific results which were promised for them. The old King of Prussia was never going to draw sword again after Sadowa, but he can scarcely be charged with lack of sympathy with the pomp and glory and proud satisfaction of victory, now that it has been so religiously extended to him and his divinely assisted legions. As regards ourselves, we hardly know what to think. Some of us want every morning at breakfast a new butcher's bill, and are hardly satisfied unless the telegraph announces another bloody victory. Some of us think that we are developing our finest national qualities in subscribing for surgical necessities and help to the wounded; and perhaps we surrender ourselves to the pleasing hope or illusion that anyhow, if every war is more fatal and cruel than the one which went before it, our successive committees and subscription-lists will become larger and larger. But, perhaps because all our faculties are overtaxed, and because there is too much for us to think over to allow ourselves to think out any of it, the impression grows that in England we have not yet succeeded in mastering the full significance of this war, either as regards the actual combatants or ourselves and our own immediate and personal duties.

THE RECORD OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

THERE are still, it seems, some hundred and fifty bishops in Rome, and a batch of fresh *Schemata* has been distributed among them, though it is announced that no more Sessions of the Council will be held before November. It is "suspended, but not prorogued." And probably what was said some months ago of its progress would not be altogether inapplicable still. *Le Concile ne marche pas, mais il intrigue.* But whether the sittings will be resumed in November must appear exceedingly doubtful. The report that the Prussian Government had offered the Pope a garrison for Rome, to take the place of the French, did not sound very probable even before it was disavowed; and though the Italians will not be very likely to allow any Garibaldian incursion into Papal territory, the Curia may reasonably feel more curiosity than satisfaction in watching, as has been said, how the cat takes care of the cream. Nor is it by any means clear that, if the Papal Government should still find itself in possession of Rome next winter, the Council will reassemble. It has done the work for which it was summoned, and there are always weighty reasons for letting well alone. At all events the point it has now reached may be regarded as the close of an important epoch in its history, even if it should not prove to be the close of it altogether. The Council has already lasted considerably longer than any of those great assemblies of the early Church which formulated the creeds and fixed the faith of Christendom; and while it has condemned no heresy that was not already self-condemned in the judgment of any intelligent believer in the fact of a divine revelation, and has defined no doctrines except what the whole testimony of Christian history proves to be both novel and untenable, it has spent seven months in exhibiting to the notice of a scandalized or scoffing world a spectacle of disunion, chicanery, and terrorism which may leave a deeper impression on the consciences of the faithful than any of its decrees. Our readers have been familiarized in these columns with the progress of events in detail during the sitting of the Council,

and now seems the natural time to gather up into a brief summary the record which is being brought in *extenso* before the world in the *Letters of Quirinus*. Much of interest may occur during the next two or three months to illustrate the ultimate effects of the Ultramontane victory on the future of Latin Christianity, but the first chapter of the history of the Council itself is closed, and those who have followed its course from week to week may be glad to refresh their memories by a general retrospect of the result.

When the Bull summoning an Ecumenical Council was issued, two years ago, no intimation was given of the particular subjects intended to be brought before it. The language of the proclamation was studiously vague, and seemed rather to point to the social and religious condition of modern society than to any need for the creation of new dogmas. And, to all inquiries dictated by the not unnatural suspicion that Papal infallibility was in the wind, the official answer was always and decidedly in the negative; the Holy See had no intention of bringing forward the subject. Even the *Dublin Review* professed to regard such a consummation as rather to be desired than to be hoped for. Early in 1869, however, a series of papers appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, accredited some years ago by a special Bull as the organ of the Vatican, broadly intimating that the three objects of summoning the Council were to secure its sanction of Infallibility, the Assumption, and the Syllabus. These papers had been discreetly inserted in the shape of letters, and it was accordingly easy to disclaim all responsibility for them as an *imprudenza* when their contents began to be angrily commented upon. But they had done their work in habituating men's minds to the idea, and gave of course a sufficiently intelligible hint to the initiated of what the Curia really expected of them. The challenge of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, if it provoked official disclaimers of all responsibility for the obnoxious articles, was met by a fervent and elaborate vindication of the inculcated doctrines from the whole Ultramontane press. Long before the Council was opened in December, every shadow of doubt as to the real aims of the Curia had disappeared from the minds of all who were not anxious to be deceived. In this last category must be reckoned some of the most illustrious of the Catholic bishops, who clung obstinately to the last to the pleasing delusion that Rome was to be taken at her word. The proceedings of the preparatory Commissions had been carefully shrouded under "the pontifical secret," and no inkling of what measures they were to deliberate upon on their arrival was vouchsafed to the Fathers before they came to Rome. But, in fact, not only had the plan of campaign been carefully mapped out, but the 55 *Schemata* to be afterwards submitted to the Council had been drawn up, chiefly under Jesuit supervision, and the bishops were expected, not to discuss, but to decree what was laid before them. A place of meeting thoroughly ill adapted for speaking, but admirably suited for theatrical effect, was purposely chosen, and has been pertinaciously adhered to in spite of all remonstrances. And it was hoped, and at first expected, that the prelates would obediently fulfil the rôle assigned to them, and in the course of a few short weeks pass all the measures laid before the Synod, and gratify the darling wish of Pius IX. by erecting his infallibility into an article of faith. This last point, the most important of all, was not indeed included in the original draft of any of the *Schemata*. The promise so frequently repeated, that the Holy See would not introduce it, was to be "kept to the ear," but there were plenty of ready instruments for the work which it seemed to the authorities most prudent to leave others to originate. At the first General Congregation Papal Infallibility was meant to be proposed and carried by acclamation, and when this scheme was foiled by the tact and firmness of Darboy, a similar attempt was projected for a later day (March 19), when the prompt action of four American prelates again frustrated the design. The end had therefore to be attained eventually by a somewhat different process. But that it should be attained, *côte que côte*, Pius IX. and his Jesuit advisers were resolved from the first.

The Council was opened on December 8 in a Solemn Session which, as a spectacle, quite realized the anticipations of the numerous outsiders who had gone to gaze at it. But no sooner was the cumbrous machine set in motion than it began to show signs of coming to a deadlock, if not of breaking down. A second Solemn Session had been announced for the Epiphany, in the expectation that by that time the first batch of decrees would be ready for promulgation. But the strength of the Opposition was already making itself felt. Strossmayer, Conolly, and others had attacked the *Schema de Fide* as soon as it was laid before them, and one speaker had boldly pronounced that it ought to be "honourably interred." The Epiphany Session had been proclaimed, and therefore it was held; but at the end of a month's debate nothing had been settled, and the solemnity was only marked by the barren ceremony of making the Fathers swear one by one to the Creed of Pius IV. The Court had learnt that it had contradictory forces to deal with, and the reign of terrorism and intrigue was already fairly set in. A month or two of Roman influences was still expected to bring all recalcitrants to order; but from the Epiphany till Low Sunday (April 24) no Solemn Session was held. Five *Schemata* had been meanwhile under discussion, but all had been sent back for revision to the Commissions from which they emanated, and various protests had been presented by the bishops of the minority against the order of the day established for conducting business in the Council—especially the regulation for carrying points of doctrine by mere numerical majorities—all of which had been contemptuously

ignored. At last, on Sunday, April 24, the *Schema de Fide*, directed against Rationalism, was carried, and promulgated in the third Solemn Session, after many discussions and revisions. As it is chiefly occupied with denouncing opinions incompatible with any sort of Christian belief, and some objectionable passages in the original draft were subsequently struck out in deference to the remonstrances of Strossmayer and others, the decree would have had very little significance but for a paragraph tacked on at the end about the authority attaching to decisions of the Roman Congregations, which was for a time strenuously resisted by the leading prelates of the minority, and at last reluctantly, and not very wisely, acquiesced in on the strength of verbal explanations which could only prove that the disputed passage was innocuous by proving it to be useless. The result of the vote might perhaps be claimed by both sides as a drawn battle. The Opposition had succeeded in getting important alterations made in the text of the *Schema*, but the Curia had secured the double advantage of getting a decree passed with their consent, and the validity of the Council thus indirectly recognised, without any change in the order of business or any sacrifice of the principle of deciding by majorities, and of also carrying it with the clause retained which attributed a final authority to the edicts of Roman Congregations. On the whole the victory certainly remained with them. And Strossmayer, the most consistent and courageous of the Opposition, was so conscious of the fact that he absented himself from the Session where the decree was voted and proclaimed.

Nearly three months more had to pass away before the fourth Solemn Session could be held, on July 18, for the proclamation of the great dogma on which the struggle of the rival parties really hinged. The plan of carrying it by "inspiration" had been finally abandoned, and it was inserted in due form in a chapter of the *Schema de Ecclesia*; but, as four hundred of the bishops had addressed the Pope, requesting that it might be brought forward, the authorities could plead, with a certain technical plausibility, that the subject was rather forced on them by the Fathers than suggested by themselves. No labour or pains had been spared to gain over waverers by threats, bribes, or promises, and the refusal to postpone the discussion till after the summer recess had the inevitable, and probably intended, result of thinning the ranks of Northern and American bishops, with whom lay the strength of the Opposition. Many were ailing, and to some it had become a matter of life and death to quit the pestilential atmosphere of Rome. The Pope had been advertised of this fact both privately and by a public Petition, but his only answer seemed to imply that it was not to him an unwelcome one. There was known to be a well-drilled majority of some five hundred bishops who would do what they were told, and indeed the only wonder is that it was not larger. The Papal States alone are represented by 143, and the Italian prelates, most of whom could be counted upon, form nearly two-thirds of the whole episcopate in communion with Rome; while three hundred of the assembled prelates were lodged and boarded at the Pope's expense, and thus still further committed to his interests. It is remarkable, considering these circumstances, and the period of the summer when the critical vote had to be given, that 88 prelates should still have been found to utter a direct *non placet*, while 62 gave only a conditional assent, and 91 purposely absented themselves, leaving only between four and five hundred to endorse the infallibilist decree. It is true that some hundred more votes had been whipped up for the Solemn Session of July 18; but none of the *non placets* were among them, and the moral force of the decree finally issued was as little impressive as the ceremony of its promulgation before a scanty audience of sightseers and partisans in a storm of rain and thunder. And thus the net result of seven months' deliberations of the Vatican Council has been the recognition, under anathema, of certain elementary postulates of natural and revealed religion; and the definition, in the teeth of all historical evidence, and of the earnest reclamations of a considerable and highly influential moiety of its members, of the exclusive supremacy and infallibility of the Pope. The first four months were absorbed in the incubation of a catalogue of truisms, and the next three in extorting from an obsequious, but for the most part unintelligent and half-reluctant, majority the dogmatic assertion of what many must have suspected, and all might have known, to be a demonstrable untruth. Such, we repeat, is the net result of the Council as far as its direct action is concerned. The indirect effects, which in the long run must prove by far the most important, are less conducive to the aims of the Court of Rome, which must have long ago arrived at the conviction that to summon a Council at all for such a purpose was a grave mistake. It was a suicidal policy to expose to the gaze of a mocking and unfriendly world the profound internal dissensions concealed under the visible unity of the faithful, the clergy, and the episcopate. But the ultimate triumph of the Romanizing party in the Church was still more fatally imperilled by staking on one desperate effort all that had been slowly but surely won for the cause by the unostentatious assiduity of the last half-century, aided by a quite exceptional combination of favourable or available accidents in the course of external events. To summon a Council with the real though partially disguised object of affirming Papal infallibility was to force the consideration of Papal decisions, past and present, with all that it involves, first on the episcopate and then on the entire educated constituency of the Church, and thus at once to rake up some of the ugliest reminiscences of ecclesiastical history, and to challenge a distinct and public verdict on a point which the great mass both of clergy and laity had tacitly consented to shroud in the safe obscurity of an undefined

reverential awe. The consequences are such as might have been foreseen. Volume after volume has issued from the press in France and Germany, not to add even in England, bearing unmistakable sign of Roman Catholic authorship, and exposing in the most trenchant style the shadowy basis and immoral drift of the new dogma. Some of the most learned and influential of the bishops, such as Hefele, Kenrick, and Schwarzenberg, have contributed to this damaging literature; and it is tolerably notorious that none of these writers would have expressed, and most of them might never have formed, any definite opinion on the subject without special provocation, while some are known to have held the opposite view till the threat of having it made an article of faith compelled them to look the whole question in the face and ask themselves what was the honest truth about it. The *Giornale di Roma* has indeed recently stated that the most eminent of the Opposition leaders have already made their recantation, but it is pretty well understood by this time that the statements of the *Giornale di Roma*, to say the least, require confirmation. Meanwhile the Hungarian bishops, who unanimously negatived the dogma, have been received with enthusiasm on their return to their dioceses, and the Professors of the University of Munich have signed a common protest against it. We may set down, therefore, as the immediate indirect results of the now completed period of the Vatican Council the public exposure of the sharp conflict of parties within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, and the outspoken and persevering revolt of a large section of her hierarchy and people against the very doctrine which it has been sought, at so tremendous a cost of labour, influence, and credit, to impose on their faith.

COTTAGE HOSPITALS.

ALTHOUGH the handsome and spacious hospitals and infirmaries which in every county of England attest the co-operation of those who have means for the relief of those who have not, may fairly be a ground of national satisfaction, it is doubtful whether smaller, humbler, and less centralized institutions may not after all contribute more effectually to the diminution of human suffering. Of late years a movement has been set on foot by earnest and benevolent members of the medical profession for the establishment in smaller towns, and in villages well adapted for the purpose, of unpretentious cottage receptacles for some six or twice six patients, under the charge of a resident nurse, and the direct superintendence of a local medical man; and it has been proved by the success of the best of these that the movement is likely to be of the greatest benefit, not only to the suffering poor, but to the profession and to the public at large. Of course there is a wall of prejudice to breach before squires, farmers, and old-fashioned doctors will allow that the comparatively gigantic organization near the county town, to which they all contribute, can need to be supplemented by the modest institution of which we propose to give a sketch; yet inquiries prove that there is a field for both, and, more than this, that from the results of the working of the lesser a hint or two may be borrowed for the better management of the greater. It is ascertained, for example, that, as Professor Trousseau has shown in the French papers in reference to the Necker Hospital, the principle of small wards with a very few beds is productive of better results than the grouping of a number of cases in larger wards; and when we add to this the testimony of the late Sir James Simpson, that "if the 214 patients who were subject to limb amputation at St. Bartholomew's from 1863 to 1868 had been sent out of the rich palatial hospital in which they were placed into villages and cottages—and perhaps from the city to the country—some of these lives would have been saved," a *prima facie* case is made out for the experiment of cottage hospitals, at the same time that a movement is made towards the diminution of the ill effects of over-crowded wards. And "cottage hospitals" are to be regarded not as antagonistic but as subsidiary to county hospitals, inasmuch as, with the accommodation afforded by both, there is, as yet in London but one bed to every 716 of the population, and in some of our counties not one to every 3,000. Indeed, according to the statistics given in a paper on Village Hospitals, read before the Bristol Branch of the British Medical Association in 1866, there was at that time a deficit of 9,000 beds, representing about nine millions of population without hospital accommodation, on the calculation of one bed to every thousand; and, as we learn from the valuable *Handy-Book of Cottage Hospitals*, recently published by the writer of that paper, Dr. Horace Swete of Weston-super-Mare, to whom we are indebted for the information which forms the basis of our present remarks, the large increase of cottage hospitals since 1866 has only availed so far as to leave scope for 1,760 beds, at the rate of one bed to a thousand.

A perusal of this *Handy-Book*, and a parallel investigation of the subject by personal and other inquiries, would, we are persuaded, lead to the conviction that the best and most wholesome mode of filling up this gap, whether the question is regarded morally, socially, professionally, or financially, is to have recourse to the cottage hospital principle, which is one eminently congenial to the old English sentiment of domestic and rural life. For, in the first place, it is a rule with the most successful of these institutions to encourage self-help instead of being wholly charitable and gratuitous, the amount of each patient's weekly payment being from 6d. to 5s., as may be deemed fair and rea-

sonable by the medical superintendent and the nominating subscriber at the time of such patient's admission. As in education, so in this matter, the poor set a value on that to which they contribute a part-payment themselves; and it is well that, when in hospital, they should be there on such a footing as to feel entitled to say, with the Somersetshire rustic in the Wrington Cottage Hospital, "Thur, when I've a-paid the money, I do know I've a right to ring this bell." And whereas in large hospitals there is too much scope for the abuse of charity by the improper use of tickets given to unqualified objects, besides all the risks of pauperization and demoralization that attach to indiscriminate giving, in these miniature establishments the end and aim is to help those who help themselves, so that they may retain their self-respect, and not be rendered discontented for ever after by being, so to speak, pampered and lifted out of themselves during their period of enforced idleness in hospital. It strikes us as an admirable feature of these establishments that they strive to carry on the cottage life, rather than to interrupt it. The sick man, stricken by illness or accident, is carried to a dwelling which represents his own cottage as it should be; and which perchance, by its neat ordering and simple but sound domestic arrangements, gives him a fruitful hint as to what his own cottage is capable of becoming. When he becomes so far convalescent as to be able to leave his simply furnished ward, where his own bed is one of three at the most, he changes it mostly for the kitchen, which is the most cheerful room in the cottage and the one most like home to him, there to enjoy the repose of the dear old English settle—which should be an inseparable item of cottage hospital furniture—with its high back and head-board defying the draughts that might retard recovery. Here, too, in the best type of cottage hospital, i.e. the homeliest, he will take his meals *en famille*; no system of rations; no regulation dietary to vex the capricious appetite of convalescents by its too much or too little; but the ordinary family meal superintended by the nurse and matron, who best suits her place if she is one of themselves—the handy, clever-witted, kind-hearted village nurse who, for her special aptitude, has been singled out and sent for a few weeks or months to the county or London hospital for the acquirement of such professional training as may enhance the value of her natural qualifications. Meanwhile the patient's sleeping-room is getting air and ventilation—a very important consideration, though not more so than the preservation of the family life and the home impression, which the town or county hospital wards are by their very constitution incapable of maintaining.

Nor are the results of the cottage hospital system less wholesome, socially, to those who are outside it. It is a boon alike to the patient and to the family which he leaves behind him in the stress of illness or accident. He is spared the worry of children's noise, and the officious kindness of gossip, without that removal to a distance which would add the pang of separation to the inevitable depression of illness and suffering. His wife and children have easy access to hear of his welfare; or, should the worst come to the worst, they are at all events spared the distress of having the coffin and corpse in their one and only living-room during the interval between death and interment. If, on the other hand, he recovers, he is the sooner at home again with those from whom in the rural hospital he has all the while been little more than a stone's-throw apart. To look a little further the benefits of the cottage hospital extend to the ratepayer, whose burdens it lightens by providing for the labourer, prostrated by accident or disease, a more hopeful resource than that of the workhouse infirmary. Nor will even the higher and sorer atmosphere in which the rich man at the hall lives and breathes be wholly unaffected by these simple institutions. One of their *sine qua non* is, as we have said, a good nurse. The cottage hospital is not always full or half full; and when illness suddenly invades the rich man's home it may be well to have within reach the services of the experienced nurse whom such an institution guarantees to a neighbourhood. And what is true of the nurse is as true or truer of the "medical superintendent," a functionary whose name suggests the professional benefits which result from cottage hospitals. It is usual and indeed necessary that there should be such a functionary, although it is an understood thing that the other medical men of the district shall by courtesy be permitted to visit their own patients in hospital, and, if they choose, to perform any operation which may be requisite. It is obvious that all this ensures to every village or small town blessed with these institutions an amount of professional experience formerly limited to great centres of population and wealth. Not only the local medical officer, but his professional brethren around, are put in the way of meeting with instructive cases which enlarge and exercise their skill, and which, in any other state of things, would be drained from country districts to the grander and more imposing county hospitals and infirmaries. Where there is a cottage hospital, there is a constant field for a local surgeon's skill; and this is indirectly a boon to those whose subscriptions tend to maintain the local institution. The squire can, if he will, telegraph for the best London advice, but it is no slight gain to have on the spot an intelligent country practitioner who is in the daily habit of dealing with difficult cases. Dr. Swete in his book quotes a just remark of the *Times* on this point, "that the lessons the surgeon learns day by day in these hospitals are, in time of need, of value in the ancestral hall, and thus the peasant's misfortune may be the means of saving the life of the squire." Like other benevolent schemes that do not push themselves to the front, or depend for their success on purses collected

by fair hands, and transferred on a set day to those of the Royal chairman of a well-attended and fashionably-dressed meeting, there is nothing grand or imposing in the cottage hospital's birth, growth, or progress. Yet its quiet and unostentatious routine, its comparative insignificance beyond the limits of the immediate neighbourhood, is its best recommendation and its surest condition of success. It can count on purer air than its big town brother, and can consequently promise and perform speedier cures. The very fact of its limited range ensures the local doctor's more frequent and undivided attention; while its inmates are patients whom he has known before they went into hospital, and whose life and habits are so familiar to him that he can take a personal interest in their cases, and derive local reputation from their recovery. It is no small matter thus to localize efficiency and power of good, and the results of going to a distance for hospital treatment are exemplified in an instance quoted by Dr. Swete which is not a little instructive:—

Not long since there was an account of a severe casualty on a new railway, where the thigh of the poor sufferer was severely crushed, with considerable injury to the blood-vessels. The accident happened within two or three miles of two cottage hospitals, both having excellent surgeons on their staff, yet the authorities determined to send the poor man to the county infirmary, a distance of twelve miles. Three hours were lost in the transit, and death ensued from the shock and loss of blood. Now it is not unreasonable to infer that had the patient been at once received into one of the two little hospitals near, at least two hours of valuable time (and "time lost" in such cases is "life lost") would probably have been saved.

Financially, too, the results of the movement are satisfactory. As we have said, it eases the ratepayers' burdens; and more than this, it utilizes to the best advantage the bounties of the rich, which, instead of being frittered away in architectural display, are so administered as to send the working-man forth from his place of healing with unimpaired self-respect and honest independence. Who shall say how much influence this may have in limiting the range of pauperism? Unwisdom may of course, as in some instances it has proved, aim at too much. Elaborate and costly structures aping the county hospitals of the more magnificent type are, as one might expect, not found to answer, or to pay nearly so well as the plain cottage structures, which—given by some right-minded squire on long lease or in perpetuity—have been converted to their benevolent purpose for a hundred pounds or so, and are maintained for another hundred pounds raised in annual subscriptions, and supplemented with (say) 25*l.* or 30*l.* arising from the payments of patients. It is of the utmost importance to have a committee of sober-minded practical persons, and these, with a good plain country nurse, and a philanthropic medical man with his heart in the right place, cannot fail to render a village hospital one of the cheapest as well as greatest of blessings. From the interesting pages of Dr. Swete we have learnt so much respecting the best working types of the cottage hospital, its proper furniture, officers, rules and regulations, and so forth, that we hope on a future occasion to return to the subject, and to show under what conditions these excellent institutions have the surest promise of success.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD

SOME of the daily newspapers have already begun to speculate on the person who will be appointed Chairman of the School Board for London. Considering that the office lies in the gift of a body which is not yet elected, this inquiry seems a little premature; but the fact that it has been started may serve to remind us that the election of the School Board is directed to be held "as soon as may be after the passing of the Act," that the first duty that will devolve upon its members will be the election of their Chairman, and that upon the choice made in both these cases the successful working of the Education Act in London will mainly depend. By the 37th section of the Act the School Board for London is to consist of such number of members elected by each of the ten metropolitan boroughs as the Education Department shall determine. The constituency in each division will be the ratepayers voting by voting papers, and at every election each voter will be entitled to as many votes as there are candidates, and may give all his votes to one candidate, or distribute them among all, as he thinks fit. As soon as the School Board is appointed, it is to proceed to supply London with sufficient public school accommodation, and the Education Department may send such requisitions as are authorized by the Act without the publication of any previous notice as in the case of other School Boards. Immediately upon their election, therefore, the London School Board will find themselves in full work, and the efficiency of their work will greatly depend upon the degree of wisdom displayed by them in the choice of a Chairman. In this respect they are left altogether unfettered. The Chairman may be elected from among their own body, or not, as they shall determine, and they will be entitled to command his entire services, inasmuch as they are empowered to pay him such salary as they may think proper, subject to the sanction of the Education Department.

We shall not follow the example of the journals referred to just now by criticizing the particular candidate whose name has been put forward. But though it is obviously too soon to do this, it is not too soon to offer some general suggestions as to the qualifications to be sought for both in the Chairman and in the members of this important body. We know too much of the ways of London ratepayers to have much faith

in their rising by any sudden inspiration to the level of their new duty. Still it may be remembered with a certain sense of relief that, as regards the election of a School Board, there will be less temptation than usual to the jobbery which is the ordinary vice of parish contests in London. That it will be attempted in some cases is probable enough, for the provision of school buildings and school requisites may involve the disposal of some lucrative contracts, and a vestryman accepts a contract as a vulture does carrion. But the fusion of the representatives of the metropolitan parishes into one Board has been found in the case of the Board of Works very much to neutralize this tendency, and in the case of the School Board this check will be reinforced by two additional influences of great potency. In the first place, the Board will have to deal with an energetic Department armed with very stringent powers of supervision and coercion. Any estimate of the capacities of the Education Office which may be based on experience of the Poor Law Board will certainly be found inadequate. In the second place, the proceedings of the School Board will be watched by a large number of persons greatly interested in popular education, and thoroughly competent to criticize the measures taken to promote it. In aid of these influences will come one of which it is difficult to predict the full value. The importation of the cumulative vote will secure that a percentage at least of the members of the School Board shall represent those of the ratepayers who wish to see the educational destitution of London taken in hand in good earnest. Without this safeguard this class of electors might be left in a hopeless minority at every election, and in that case the usual consequence would follow, and educational business would be left, like most other local business, to the management of an ignorant and noisy majority. The adoption of the cumulative vote will leave the better class of ratepayers no excuse for holding aloof from educational elections. In every district they will be able to obtain some representatives on the School Board, and the aggregate of members returned by their votes can hardly fail to constitute an important, if not a preponderating, element in the total result. Putting all these circumstances together, and taking into account also that this will be the first time any representative body for the whole of London has been returned by direct election—a change which must tend somewhat, and may tend very greatly, to raise the contest above the range of mere parish politics—there is good hope that the composition of the School Board will be fairly satisfactory. All that need be said upon this head may be summed up in an exhortation to the ratepayers to mass all their votes on the best men. We say this not only because it is the best way to ensure competent candidates coming forward, but because it is also the way to make the working of the School Board effective in the long run. It is far more desirable that a really able and energetic minority should find a place on the Board than that it should be entirely composed of decent mediocrities. The superior knowledge of the strong men, and the support they will receive from without, will give them a weight in discussion quite out of proportion to their numbers. This will be especially the case as regards the election of their Chairman. If all the real friends of education on the Board unite in supporting the candidature of a really competent man, their influence added to that chance support which he may hope to share with his competitors ought to make his return secure.

It is not difficult to enumerate the qualifications which such an office demands. In the first place the Chairman should be a man of good position—if a member of Parliament so much the better. He ought to have sufficient property to be able to devote his whole time to the affairs of the School Board, and to be above the suspicion of having sought the office for the sake of the income. It is not desirable that he should be a very ardent politician; at all events he ought to regard his appointment as withdrawing him in some measure from the sphere of party contests. The line which divides the advanced from the moderate Liberals coincides so nearly with a particular policy on educational matters, that a very active participation in political contests might seriously hamper him in the discharge of his official duties. After this we need not shrink from saying that in so far as being an advanced Liberal is equivalent to being an educational *doctrinaire*, the Chairman of the School Board for London ought not to be an advanced Liberal. The educational zeal of some of the members of this section of the Liberal party may be freely conceded. Is it not written in the book of Hansard? But educational zeal is no guarantee for educational discretion, and the Chairman of the London School Board will need an ample provision of this latter quality. It will be in the power of the Board to make the rate-supported schools of London either simply secular or virtually denominational; and as both of these extremes would be antagonistic to the spirit of the Act and to the designs of the Government which introduced and the Parliament which passed it, it would be a very serious matter if either of them were exclusively provided for a population of three millions. Of course the decision of this point will not rest with the Chairman, but his opinion on it will necessarily have great weight, inasmuch as he will in all probability have a much more intimate knowledge than the rest of the Board of the circumstances of each particular case. The experience of all similar bodies seems to show that the policy of the Chairman is commonly the policy of the Board. It is highly inexpedient that any uniform character, religious or secular, should be prescribed for the rate-supported schools of London. On the contrary, the necessities of the case would probably be best met by a very large measure of variety.

The circumstances of the particular neighbourhood, the disposition of its inhabitants, the number and description of the voluntary schools existing in it, ought all to be taken into account. The Board will have the power of impressing on each separate school under their control such theological character as they may think proper, subject only to the restrictions imposed by a *bona fide* regard to the prohibition of denominational formularies. Within this limit it may be expedient to establish schools of various sorts. Let us suppose, for example, the case of a district largely inhabited by Churchmen, well provided with voluntary Church schools, but containing a considerable number of persons of no religious creed whatever. In this case the rate-supported school might very properly be entirely secular, since the teaching of the religious part of the community is already provided for, while the remainder of the parents will have more confidence in a school from which religion is altogether excluded. Take the case, again, of a district in which the religious distribution of the inhabitants is much the same, but there is only a small supply of voluntary Church schools. Here the proper course would be to appoint a Churchman as master of the rate-supported school, inasmuch as his teaching would be satisfactory to the largest number of parents, while the rights of the minority would be secured in other ways. Analogous arrangements might be made in districts in which the majority of the people were Dissenters or Roman Catholics, and the same deficiency of denominational schools existed—the rule which is common to all these cases being that weight is to be given to the wishes of the majority or the minority of the inhabitants, according as they have or have not been already gratified through other agencies.

It will be seen that we attach no importance to the particular creed of the Chairman himself. The one essential requisite for the proper discharge of his duties is that he should be impartially just to the religious claims of parents, and at the same time entirely free from that pseudo-philosophical contempt for all religions which is too often mistaken for impartial justice. If once this requisite is secured, the question whether he is a Churchman or a Dissenter is only material as it may dispose of the people with whom he will have to deal to put more or less confidence in his fairness. Upon this head the reasons in favour of one or the other are pretty equally balanced. The majority of the population probably belongs to the Church of England, and there is a feeling abroad that the Church will get hard measure from the School Boards. This is an argument in favour of the Chairman being a member of the Church of England. On the other hand, the fact that Dissenters are in a minority may tend to make them suspect the action of the School Board. This tells in favour of the Chairman being a Dissenter. What is most important is that the election should not be influenced by any such consideration, and that the one object of the electors should be to find a man in whom are united all the really essential qualifications for the post which has to be filled up.

MAJOR SLADEN'S JOURNEY TO WESTERN CHINA.

SOMEWHAT tardily the Indian Government has communicated to the world the official Report of Major Sladen's remarkable expedition to Western China. It is certainly a little surprising that the history of an exploration which took place in the spring and summer of 1868, which was brought to a close indeed almost exactly two years ago, and the utility of which depended to a great extent upon the publicity of the facts, should only be published after the lapse of so great an interval. The affair was far from being so small a one that it was in danger of being lost sight of amid the press of official work. The accessibility of Western China from Burmah has for a good many years been recognised as a question of imperial magnitude. Having the good fortune to possess in British Burmah a sea-coast within a few hundred miles of the Chinese frontier, and the mouth of one of the great navigable rivers of the world, the Irrawaddy, which in its northern course flows very close indeed to the boundary of a Chinese province, the question is more and more pressed upon us whether advantage cannot be taken of these circumstances to improve our trade with the empire which lies near us, and increase the wealth and revenues of our province. Nor are these the only reasons. It would undoubtedly be an advantage to us commercially and strategically if much of our present trade with Chinese ports, which now threads the difficult channels of the Eastern Archipelago, could be diverted to Rangoon, which is in our own possession, and is considerably nearer to England. But besides the importance of the question in itself, the Indian and the Home Governments are both aware of the interest taken in it by the mercantile community, and must have known that there was no chance, even if there was any intention, of suppressing the present narrative. Yet it only comes to light after a period of two years, and after it must have been for many months in their possession. Such delay is wholly inexcusable. It retards indefinitely an important inquiry, for no step can well be taken without a full knowledge of what has previously been done; and among its incidental evils it deprives the public servants who have been engaged in the work of part of their proper reward—the full criticism and approbation of the country whose interests they have so zealously promoted. To publish a narrative of this kind late, when the novelty of the affair has passed away and unofficial accounts of every sort have blunted the public appetite, is almost as bad as not publishing it at all.

Now that the Report is issued, however, we trust that Major Sladen will suffer as little as possible by the delay. Fortunately, in one respect, the slowness with which the inquiry is being prosecuted still leaves the expedition of Major Sladen the last important step which has been taken to solve the problem of communication between Burmah and China. What he has accomplished will be the point of departure for further investigation, and for even more active steps. The expedition, moreover, solved one of the vital points, if not unquestionably the most vital point, in the whole problem. To open up a road for trade between China and British Burmah, there are two distinct methods proposed. One is to make a communication directly from Rangoon by land to the nearest convenient point on the Chinese frontier, which is substantially the project favoured by Captain Sprye. He has perseveringly maintained that at Kiang-Hung, on the Cambodia, just on the borders of China, and less than five hundred miles from Rangoon, we shall reach a good point for tapping Chinese commerce, while the road—whether tramway, railway, or ordinary road—will be principally in our own territory, and for the remainder of the distance through the territory of friendly and civilized States. This is one method, and it has certain merits of simplicity and directness which will entitle it to consideration whenever Captain Sprye gets the opportunity of proving his assertions, and succeeds in doing so. The other method, though less ambitious, has the merit, as Major Sladen points out, of effecting more at once. It is to take advantage of the Irrawaddy, by which we approach China as we ascend, and establish a route, partly by water and partly by land, to some frontier depot of China. The recommendation of this method is that we may reduce the land transit necessary to reach a depot of Chinese trade and even the interior of the Western provinces of China, to very moderate dimensions indeed. The actual distance between Bamo on the Irrawaddy and Momein in China on the road followed by Major Sladen is only 130 miles, and a rich country lies immediately beyond. And this method has another recommendation. It would be difficult to say when there has been any great trade with China on the direct land route from Rangoon, but the Irrawaddy is even now the medium of such a trade. The streams of traffic trickle through the native State of Burmah, which is here interposed between us and China, though they are no doubt much narrowed by oppressive exactions, official discouragement, and the robberies of hill tribes. The consequence is that, without any expenditure in road-making, by merely using our treaty right to navigate the Irrawaddy and tempting merchants and traders to that river, employing our influence with the Burmese Court to remove all artificial obstacles, we seem to be promised great results. Rangoon in this manner, so far as our knowledge goes, may easily rival the native ports of China. The Irrawaddy is as easily navigable as Chinese rivers, while English steamers may sail upon it, as they cannot do in Chinese inland waters; and the land transit to it from important inland cities of China will be of no greater length and no more formidable than many other routes which now feed the trade of Shanghai or Canton. Now the business of Major Sladen's expedition was to open up the most promising channel for a trade of this description. Bamo, which is between 800 and 900 miles by the river from Rangoon—the distance, though great, only occupying a few days for a steamer voyage—is not only the nearest point on the river to China, requiring the least use of Burmese territory for land transit, but it is probably also the point opposite which in the upper course of the river the mountains are most depressed and there are fewest physical obstacles to travelling. However that may be, Bamo has in former times been the centre of a great trade, and in exploring the roads thence into the interior, ascertaining the causes for the stoppage of that trade, making the needful diplomatic explanations to the local authorities and preparing the way for the residence of a British agent, which were the objects of the expedition, Major Sladen has undoubtedly accomplished the most important step which has yet been taken towards creating in British Burmah an entrepôt for Chinese trade. Whatever may come of other schemes, he has obtained for us one good route which may be capable of great development, and which will be at least a good means of improving our acquaintance with the hitherto little known provinces of China into which it conducts us.

We have taken up so much space in describing the general objects of the expedition and the nature of the success achieved, that we have left ourselves but little room for the history of the expedition itself, or for an account of the means by which Major Sladen gained his end. These details, however, are full of interest, though in any case we should hardly have thought of presenting them in chronological order. When we follow the narrative we find that it is more an account of a residence in a new country than a diary of travel through it. Although the expedition occupied in all about nine months, from January to September, the mere travelling was necessarily quick, being principally by steamer between Mandalay, the Burmese capital, and Bamo. The whole land journey was only one hundred and thirty miles in each direction, and could not have occupied a very long period out of the nine months. But the account of the residence is one of the features of special interest. Whether at Bamo, still in Burmese territory, or at Ponsoe, forty miles distant among the Kakhien hill tribes, or at Momein, the frontier town of China, now held for years by Mahomedan rebels against Chinese authority, called Panthaya, the members of the expedition were brought into contact with strange varieties of people under a curiously debateable Government. Throughout the whole Indo-

Chinese peninsula races are intermixed in the oddest fashion, but in the narrow belt between Bamo and Momein the expedition came into contact with new types of the principal varieties. At Bamo the Burmese rule, but the town is visited by both Chinese and Kakhyens, the name given to the hill-tribes in that quarter, while only a few miles off are the Kakhyens themselves in a country nominally subject to Burmah, but where the writs of Burmese rulers hardly run. Among the hills again are several of those half-independent Shan States to be found throughout the northern part of the peninsula, which pay a kind of homage to Burmah, or China, or whoever happens to be their strongest neighbour, and whose people are themselves a cross in language and manners between Burmese and Chinese. Last of all, in Panthay territory we have both Panthays and Chinese proper. To have lived for several months among peoples of this kind, and in close intercourse with the leading men of each race, was certainly a novel experience. Major Sladen, though abstaining from ethnology and science, gives more than one life-like picture of the curious scenes he witnessed, which will make his Report valuable to those who consult it for scientific purposes. Perhaps the most striking facts are the strange predominance of civilization of a Chinese type, and the ready intellectual grasp of Major Sladen's objects by the shrewd, old and, we must add, almost chronically tipsy rulers of these remote communities. Coupled with all these, are one or two lively pictures of the grand mountain scenery which the expedition traversed, especially of that "endless" Sanda valley, the monotonous grandeur of which, "with its sublime ridges towering up on either side to a height of five thousand feet, and running in straight parallels into boundless space," is perhaps described a little too magniloquently. There is a good deal which we should like to quote of the description of the country and people, but there are other matters to be noticed.

The main interest of the Report is in the diplomatic strategy by which, and by which alone, Major Sladen effected his purpose. There were a great many conditions against his success. It was very properly made a stringent regulation for his conduct that his little party were not to advance at the risk of a collision with the natives, or to endanger the personal safety of the members. It was impossible, therefore, to carry things with a high hand; and, though success was thus more creditable, the task was delicate enough among strange races and scenes. Worse than all, the Burmese Government, from whose territory the expedition started, and whose apparent sanction and promise of support had been obtained for it, was in reality opposed to it. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the King of Burmah himself disliked it, or only his subordinates; but the expedition was in fact opposed, from motives we can readily appreciate. It is hardly possible for a half-educated people like the Burmese to regard us as anything but intruders, or to look upon the extension of English interests up the Irrawaddy as other than a possible step to annexation. They are not likely to understand our real repugnance at home to any such course, and perhaps much of the English opinion they come in contact with misleads them as to the governing policy of the Empire. We are sorry to see, for instance, that in this official Report Major Sladen suffers himself to "dream" of a wholesale annexation by which even Momein would become English territory. There are thus abundant reasons to account for Burmese opposition, which undoubtedly was the source of most of the difficulties which Major Sladen had to contend with. The temper and patience, the perfect courtesy and honesty of dealing, by which he conciliated friends on every side and gained for the English character a good name in those remote regions, while insuring safety for his own journey, are above all praise. He had to stay two months at Bamo before he could get the means of starting. The local rulers, with secret instructions to impede him, pretended all sorts of dangers from robbers, or that nothing could be done till a new governor came, and in the meantime gave mule-drivers, interpreters, and other people essential to the expedition, to understand that they had better have nothing to do with it. This was not done openly, but any one who did the expedition any service was singularly liable to be tried and punished for some other offence. Thus no help could be got. At length, partly by waiting and making full and legitimate use of the King of Burmah's official sanction, partly too by using the interval to communicate with the Panthay authorities, who promised to clear the country for his passage (and afterwards did so), Major Sladen managed to impress on the Bamo Governor that it would be dangerous to continue this underhand opposition, and he obtained the means of starting. The good character of the expedition was moreover beginning to tell, and the hill-tribes were predisposed to help it. This was a great triumph, and ensured the success of the enterprise, though another stoppage of two months occurred at Ponsee, from the difficulty of adjusting terms with rival and rapacious chiefs—a fact the more important as the funds of the expedition were getting exhausted, and were not replenished till later. The successive Shan States, again, Major Sladen contrived to impress favourably, and he was equally successful with the Panthays, though he necessarily came to them in rather an ambiguous character. A special embassy, it is said, had been sent from Mandalay to misrepresent him to the Panthay chief, that is to say, from the only Power, except China, with whom the Panthays had had any previous dealings. To clear away misrepresentations, to make the good and sincere intentions of England apparent, to show that he proposed nothing which was not for the interest of the people to whom he came, was no slight task; but Major

Sladen can boast that he came away with agreements to facilitate trade from every person who had any semblance of authority in the region he traversed. The Panthay rulers came under a formal engagement, and the Kakhyen tribes, who, with all their thieving propensities, had found themselves losers by extinguishing the legitimate profits of a transit trade, were induced to take a solemn oath, after their own savage ceremonial, not to molest merchants and passengers between Bamo and Momein. No doubt, small as Major Sladen's means were, he was a rich traveller in that wild country, and his distribution of rupees was a windfall which even savages would have sense enough to encourage; but only a small part of the great impression he made can be thus accounted for, and the advantage it gave him would have been speedily neutralized by the slightest failure in tact or temper.

We have now to look for the development of the opening which Major Sladen has secured. There is at least one great obstacle to speedy success. The access we obtain to China is not to the Empire, but to the rebel province of Yunnan, which seems to have made good its separation from the Empire, but unfortunately is not yet recognised. From ignorance of all that concerns China, we can feel little confidence that the trade with Bamo, having been suspended for many years by a successful rebellion, will not again be interrupted by an attempt to reconquer the province. The Imperial Government of China, with all its weakness, has a trick of not acknowledging rebels, keeps "pegging away" in a lame fashion, and wins back more or less in a chronic war which must at times grow dangerous to trade. The Panthay governor of Momein complained that China was neither at peace nor war with them, but indulged in marauding expeditions. Of course so long as this chronic warfare goes on, the admission into the frontier province of Yunnan does not provide a way into the rest of China. Still, with all its drawbacks, the balance of probabilities appears to be in favour of something coming immediately of this route. And whenever China gets more settled, the beginning which may have been made will be capable of great expansion. We need hardly add that, whatever comes of it, Major Sladen deserves credit all the same for what he has rendered possible, as well as for the information he has brought and the skill with which dangerous complications were evaded in his difficult mission. We trust no time will be lost in solving with equal success the remaining parts of the problem of Burmo-Chinese communication.

REVIEWS.

HUXLEY'S LAY SERMONS AND ESSAYS.*

TOGETHER with the title, Professor Huxley may be said to have borrowed from the pulpit not a little of the style and temper of his recent volume of miscellanies. There is something, we cannot but suppose, in the possession of a vantage-ground secure, for the hour at least, from contradiction, which tends to relax in the preacher, clerical or lay, the sense of responsibility, whilst giving reins to the spirit of dogmatism. Warness of statement and careful balance of fact and inference make way for feats of rhetorical display, and exaggerations of language fitted rather to dazzle than to edify the unlearned. Ably as these essays and addresses uphold the scientific character of the author, and marked as they are throughout with his characteristic vigour and clearness of style, we become conscious every now and then of an arbitrary dealing with known facts, or an assumed mastery of disputed problems, which is likely to mislead the hearer. Strong and disciplined and powerfully organized as his intellect shows itself to be within its special field of action, there is the more danger of both lecturer and audience being carried beyond their proper limits, and invading alien provinces in ignorance of the difficulties which await them. It is the peculiar snare of the specialist, and that often in proportion to his real eminence in his special science, to flatter himself that the whole empire of intellect lies at his feet, and that the processes or laws of which he well knows the power and the subtlety are co-extensive with the constitution of philosophy itself. A thorough master in the school of which the great truths of biology form the cardinal point of action and expansion, it is Professor Huxley's ambition to silence or keep unheard whatever voices may be raised from outside the pale. For theology or even metaphysics, save when metaphysics may have been raised to a new life from the bath of physical processes and definitions, he has nought but contempt or pity. Yet when we come to inquire at the oracle itself, and to scrutinize those processes which are to be laid down as the common and universal standard of all philosophy, we feel that the chief problems we offer for solution are swept aside with scarcely a response, while we miss even that consistency with its own utterances which is the first element of oracular sway. Not even have the dogmatic definitions of a few years retained that fixedness and finality which we were told to attribute to philosophy thus absolutely based and methodized.

These lectures and essays extend over a period of sixteen years. Within that time Professor Huxley has, he himself informs us, outgrown the stage of philosophical progress at which the earliest of the series was composed—the address on the "Educational

* *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews.* By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

Value of the Natural History Sciences." It is the more to be regretted, in consequence, that he should not have felt himself up to the labour of re-writing or amending it. We are left at a loss to know how far, in criticizing its statements or its entire method, we may be protesting against or simply echoing Professor Huxley's views at the present moment. Does he still stand by, or to what extent would he modify, his classification of the sciences, or what he next lays down concerning the absolute oneness of method and condition which is common to them all? Does he insist as vehemently now as then upon the "utterly conditional nature of all our knowledge"? Or has increased familiarity with mathematics given him any enhanced estimate of the possibility of absolute and pure exactitude in any one branch? We should be glad to think that the lecture which his original definition of the nature and scope of mathematics was the means of drawing from Professor Sylvester had wholesomely shaken him in the conviction that "the mathematician deals with two properties of objects only, number and extension, and all the inductions he needs have been formed and finished ages ago." We wish Professor Huxley had gone on to tell us, while he was about it, the precise age at which this task was completed, and to whose exertions the mathematician of later times is indebted for his relief from the labour of the inductive process. "He is occupied now with nothing but deduction and verification." We confess to having a suspicion that the ideal mathematician conjured up or represented by our Professor had made little progress in his department of science beyond what is known in schools as the bare rudiments. Not that even as regards the Elements of Euclid, or algebra up to quadratic equations, or at whatever point we may conceive the inductive process to have been suspended, it is easy to picture to ourselves the mind working in so peculiar an atmosphere of thought. We are, it seems, to conceive the primeval mathematician above spoken of indulging himself in the exercise of the inductive faculty to the extent of forming and finishing his stock of fundamental propositions. But here a line is to be drawn. For all later discoveries or expansions we are to maintain the singular logical attitude of keeping the inductive faculty, so to say, tied up. What we had habitually supposed to be inseparably joined together as the inductive and deductive elements of inference, like *τὸ κερὶν* and *τὸ κοῖλον* in Aristotle, we are perforce to put asunder. This sentence of divorce strikes us as the more arbitrary on our author's part in that he has laid it down a few pages before that "the methods in all sciences are identical," and that "whatever is true of physiological method is true of physical and mathematical method." Not only is he indignant at the imputation, "too frequently admitted even by physiologists themselves," that biology differs from the physico-chemical and mathematical sciences in being "inexact," but the special point which he presses throughout his essay is the identity of method in all the sciences alike. True, the mathematician is busied, we are told, with deductions from general propositions, while the biologist is more especially occupied with observation, comparison, and those processes which lead to general propositions. But what our author insists upon is that "this difference depends not on any fundamental distinction in the sciences themselves, but on the accidents of their subject-matter, of their relative complexity and consequent relative perfection." On what principle, then, is induction, which we are unable even in thought to dissociate from "observation, comparison and the other processes which lead to general propositions," to be excluded from the domain of mathematics? It by no means lightens our perplexity to be assured that the whole question is one of time. The hour is to come for the biologist which for the mathematician has struck ages ago, when his uphill work of induction will set him upon the high table-land where all is smooth and certain walking. "His inductions will not be completed, I fear, for ages to come; but when they are, his science will be as deductive and as exact as the mathematics themselves."

If any biologist professes himself unable to take this hopeful view of the millennium in store for his science, he will doubtless be set aside in the same offhand and easy way in which Professor Sylvester's energetic thrust is sought to be parried. The question, he will be told, is not one in which the specialist has any right as such to be heard. "The dictum of a mathematical athlete upon a difficult problem which mathematics offers to philosophy has no more special weight than the verdict of that great pedestrian Captain Barclay would have had in settling a disputed point in the physiology of locomotion." If no more is here meant than that philosophy holds the ultimate rule over the collective departments of special science, we have no further demur to make than that the mathematician need be none the less a philosopher, and moreover that philosophy itself has to be previously informed, or to receive such facts or ideas as form its subject-matter at the hands of the specialist in each department. And of the special ideas or definitions, together with the entire processes involved in his peculiar branch of study, the mathematician must needs have somewhat to say. We would make the same claim, if in a minor sense, for the musician. Over the whole world of intellect logic of course holds uniform and entire sway, even its own processes and laws being, in what we may call an introspective way, carried on under its own supervision. It is consequently a further anomaly on Professor Huxley's part that he seems to exclude logic from what he has laid down as the distinctive pale of science. On no other ground could it appear to him so triumphant a *reductio ad absurdum* of Professor Sylvester, "that if we are to employ the terms observation, induction, and experiment in the sense in which he

uses them, then logic is as much an observational, inductive, and experimental science as mathematics."

The address on Descartes, marked as it is beyond perhaps any other portion of the volume by the writer's characteristic energy and power, opens to us still more clearly the tendency which underlies Mr. Huxley's system of thought. The branch of science which is special to himself, and in which his great attainments enable him to speak with an authority which has no superior, is viewed by him as conterminous with the whole realm of philosophy. Matters of fact or conviction which refuse to fit in with his scheme of analysis, or to be absorbed into his plan of generalization, pass with him forthwith out of the sphere of being. Here, for instance, is the old fundamental dispute between metaphysics and physics. Professor Huxley's notion of what is to be done with them sounds at first plausible enough. "Their differences are complementary, not antagonistic, and thought will never be completely fruitful until the one unites with the other." But when he goes on to make his meaning clear, we find that one is doomed virtually to disappear in the other. "I hold with the materialist, that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles." Among bodily operations are included even those which are generally classed under the head of psychology, such as the mental forces; and for the matter of that, we presume, the moral forces or impressions too—emotion as well as consciousness. Professor Huxley is confident that we shall sooner or later arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat:—

If a pound weight falling through a distance of a foot gives rise to a definite amount of heat, which may properly be said to be its equivalent; the same pound weight falling through a foot on a man's hand gives rise to a definite amount of feeling, which might with equal propriety be said to be its equivalent in consciousness. And as we already know that there is a certain parity between the intensity of a pain and the strength of one's desire to get rid of that pain; and secondly, that there is a certain correspondence between the intensity of the heat, or mechanical violence, which gives rise to the pain, and the pain itself; the possibility of the establishment of a correlation between mechanical force and volition becomes apparent. And the same conclusion is suggested by the fact that, within certain limits, the intensity of the mechanical force we exert is proportioned to the intensity of our desire to exert it.

Thus I am prepared to go with the Materialists wherever the true pursuit of the path of Descartes may lead them; and I am glad, on all occasions, to declare my belief that their fearless development of the materialistic aspect of these matters has had an immense, and a most beneficial, influence upon physiology and psychology. Nay more, when they go farther than I think they are entitled to do—when they introduce Calvinism into science and declare that man is nothing but a machine, I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact—namely, that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.

The limits of error within which Professor Huxley conceives this animated machine capable of being adjusted or regulated are reduced to a minimum by the extraordinary climax which follows. "I protest," he goes on to say, "that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do always what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." The only freedom he cares about is the "freedom to do right"; the "freedom to do wrong" he is ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of him. We are absolutely unable to realize what this one-sided sort of liberty may be like, or in what manner our author's protest against the "necessary laws" of the materialists is strengthened by this strange conceit. It seems to us too much like dragging some good fairy or Oriental *jinn* into the prosaic domain of philosophy. We should as soon expect a man of science to bring in perpetual motion or the philosopher's stone. It must be simply unmeaning to speak of right and wrong in reference to so mere an automaton as the handiwork of this imaginary Power would be. Considerations of morality would be no more applicable to action such as this than to the constitution of a child's doll or the performance of a bottle-jack. In his new organization of ethics, as in his psychology, Professor Huxley, we confess, leaves us hopelessly behind. We fail to reconcile, even within the limits of a single page, his statements in reference to this portion of his system either with admitted facts or with each other. We are glad, indeed, to drop our mechanical clock, and in the next sentence to be reminded that we have all along "seen clearly and beyond all doubt that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of consciousness. Matter and Force are, so far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness." But while crediting Descartes with the axiom which lies at the basis of all modern psychology or metaphysics, is it just to commit the father of existing philosophy to the extreme doctrine of recent materialism—that which allows no knowledge of any thinking substance except as "extended substance," and maintains that "thought is as much a function of matter as motion is"? Professor Huxley owns to a difficulty in explaining Descartes' phraseology, especially when taken in connexion with his well-known location of the soul in the pineal gland, and he can only represent to himself the philosopher as meaning that the soul is a mathematical point, having place, but not extension, in the pineal gland. We doubt whether Descartes intended to reduce his *chose pensante* to anything so evanescent as a mathematical point, though he may have sought to elude the extreme rigour of definition by leaving the rational soul lodged vaguely somewhere within the body, the pineal gland being the last organ to which it could be pursued, over which it was some-

how diffused, and from which as a kind of central office it set the whole vital machinery to work. Where, again, do we find in Descartes the loose saying that "thought is existence," and that "so far as we are concerned existence is thought," all our conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought?" If indeed metaphysics are to be no more, it is of little avail to stipulate for the rudiments of precision in metaphysical language. Still, be the philosophy of the future what it may, we cannot be wrong in contending for strictness and accuracy in the history of the past. We regret what may have been rather the results of haste or inattention on Professor Huxley's part than of a conscious desire to force the mind and speech of the great philosopher into harmony with his own. Throughout the volume we are struck with the author's strength on his own special ground, and his weakness when he would give his powers unbounded range, and subject to his single method the entire realm of philosophy. We would gladly dwell, did space permit, upon those portions of the volume in which he shows himself thoroughly at home, and in which, whether as lecturer or preacher, he submit ourselves to his mastery with confidence and delight. On the "Study of Zoology," on "A Piece of Chalk," and on "Geological Contemporaneity," there is not only a thorough knowledge of the subject, but intense and even picturesque vigour in his way of representing nature to the mind of his audience. We would point in conclusion to the two reprints of reviews on the *Origin of Species* as among the most fair, exact, and discriminating of all the estimates we have seen of the nature and scope of Mr. Darwin's system, with its elements of weakness and of strength.

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

WE are well pleased to receive the volumes which bring Mr. Burton's most valuable History to a perfect state, and we confess that we are all the better pleased at the particular moment when Mr. Burton begins the new instalment of his labours. We are not bound, in reviewing Mr. Burton, to go once more through the whole controversy about Queen Mary. She either killed her husband or she did not kill him in the last of Mr. Burton's earlier volumes. And what Mr. Burton had to say about the Casket Letters he has already said in that volume. He cannot help mentioning them again in the first volume of the present portion, at the stage of his story when the letters themselves are put in evidence at the York Conferences, and he there pays a well-earned tribute to the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Hosack in maintaining his side of the controversy. But Mr. Burton had the good luck to be printed before Mr. Hosack's book appeared; all therefore that he was bound to do was to mention him in a note; he was not called upon to reopen the whole controversy. And we will gladly follow his example. We see events looming in the future which may once more make it our duty to go into these matters, but for the present we will gladly, strengthened by Mr. Burton's authority, take a holiday from such discussions. Nor do we feel called upon to go into any elaborate discussion of the character of the Regent Murray. Was he "the noble stainless Murray" of Mr. Froude, or was he, as we are told in a small paper—it is hardly big enough to call it a pamphlet—which has lately come to us in the way of business, one whose "life was one consistent course of selfishness, treachery, ingratitude, and hypocrisy"? We are content to say with Mr. Burton:—

His character must be considered as told in his actions. These have almost been buried under much unseemly controversy about his motives and secret intentions. Where real events are so numerous and so significant, they surely afford sufficient ground for criticism without passing into the region of the imagined and the suspected. His position might have given him opportunities for acts more unscrupulous than any committed by him.

The last sentence is thoroughly in Mr. Burton's style, and it really sums up a great deal. It may seem very faint praise, and so abstractedly it is, but it is enough to make Murray better than any recorded member of his own class in his own age. The moral standard of Scottish statesmen in Murray's days was so low that it is something to have ever had any scruples at all; it is something to have ever abstained—and Mr. Burton's words imply that Murray sometimes did abstain—from any action whatever on the ground that moral objections might be made to it. It shows what we have come to that, after Murray is gone, it is hard not to take up even with Morton. He had his vices and his crimes, and plenty of them, but he does seem to have honestly striven to do his duty as a ruler, and to keep a turbulent country in order. And as it is pretty plain that it was his good deeds, and not his bad ones, which brought his neck under the maiden, we feel half inclined, when reading the story of his end, to make him, certainly not into a saint, but still into a kind of martyr.

If we had to pick out any one quality as specially characteristic of Mr. Burton's History, we should say that it is good sense. There are no vagaries about Mr. Burton; he quotes Mr. Froude, and he quotes him admiringly. But we should think that his admiration came from the principle which is said to make men, both in friendship and in love, very commonly prefer their own opposites. Mr. Burton is not exactly brilliant, still less is he, in the vulgar sense of the word, lively. But he is always clear and

pleasant to read, and a hidden vein of humour runs through the whole, and ever and anon comes to the surface. Mr. Burton's arrangement of his matter sometimes strikes us as capable of improvement. He now and then moves about from one subject to another in the middle of a chapter in a way which is a little perplexing. Now and then we are startled at finding matters of the highest moment cut very short, as for instance the two great beheadings of Mary and her grandson Charles. But Mr. Burton would doubtless answer that they have been described often enough already, that he could say nothing new about them, and that they are really English events which do not form part of his subject. There is doubtless force in this; still there seems a lack of epic propriety when events so striking as the execution of a Queen and a King of Scotland, each the last stage of a long and terrible drama, are passed by as matters with which Scottish history has hardly anything to do. But any faults—if indeed they are to be called faults—of this kind are quite overbalanced by the sterling merits of Mr. Burton's book, its clearness, impartiality, and good sense. It is a business-like sort of history which goes to the point and tells you what you really want to know. And in dealing with controverted points—and the Scottish history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is made up of controverted points—Mr. Burton is eminently fair. We really cannot tell from his book whether he is himself Episcopal or Presbyterian. What we can see is that he has no fellowship with the extreme zealots of either side, while he can do full justice to reasonable men of both parties.

Mr. Burton begins the present portion of his work with the coronation of James the Sixth, after his "innocent person" had, by virtue of the abdication or deposition of his mother, been declared to be "sovereign lord of the realm thus left kingless." This is one of several cases in Scottish history which show how the least possible amount of respect to the person and authority of the King can be combined with an almost superstitious reverence for the institution of kingship, and even for the strict line of hereditary succession. This comes out during the whole of the great civil war, both in that earlier part of it which the Scots had to themselves, and also when, after the beheading of Charles the First, his son, proscribed in England, reigned for a while in Scotland. The Scots would have a King of their own fashion and bound by their own conditions—a Covenanted King in short; but it did not come into their heads, even when England was an avowed Commonwealth, either to do without a King altogether or to seek for him anywhere but in the next heir to the Crown. The same kind of feeling led to the nominal sovereignty of the infant James and to the successive regencies which were carried on in his name. His reign takes up the whole of Mr. Burton's fifth volume and more than half the sixth. For it should be remembered that James's reign in Scotland lasted fifty-eight years, being almost co-extensive with his life, and though there are parts of this long period which are not a little dreary, the importance of the time is on the whole fully proportioned to its extent. It was in the reign of James the Sixth that Scotland began to assume its peculiar historical character, and it was during his reign that, by the union of the Crowns, England and Scotland were brought into a position directly to influence one another. Still a great part of the time is both hard to understand and hard to remember. The years slip away in that sort of accidental fashion in which they do in some periods of history without any particular resting-place from which to stand and look back. There are picturesque incidents here and there, and there are dark and mysterious stories here and there. There is the taking of Dumbarton; there is the taking of Edinburgh Castle, after its occupation by Kirkcaldy and Maitland; there is the raid of Ruthven, and answering to it in the next generation—for the reign of the British, like that of the Pylion, Solomon takes in several generations—the still puzzling Gowrie conspiracy. All these are things which stand out and which we can remember, but we remember them as isolated events, not as breaks or stages in a continuous journey. One event which might have been expected to serve as a landmark might almost be passed by. The execution of Mary was an event of so small importance in the history of England and in the history of Europe; on her own native kingdom it seems to have had no effect whatever. Mr. Burton can find no trace of that burning popular indignation with which we are generally told that the news of Mary's execution was received in Scotland. This is one of the things which are said to have happened because it is thought that they ought to have happened. Mr. Burton tells us how while Mary still lived, "the King commanded the ministers to pray publicly in the kirks after sermon for his mother. They refused to do it in the manner he would have it to be done—that is, by condemning directly or indirectly the proceedings of the Queen of England and their Estate against her, or as one innocent of the crime laid to her charge." This is from Calderwood. Mr. Burton adds, "No doubt they could plead the stern rules of their Church against the commands of man; but had their hearts been with the victim, they would have found a method of so expressing themselves." He then goes on to tell how the King arranged that Adams, as the Archbishop of St. Andrews, should preach in St. Giles's at Edinburgh in his own hearing. When the King reaches the church, he finds a popular preacher, Cowper by name, who does indeed come down at the King's bidding, but only after a protest as solemn as that of the Grand Master of the Templars at the stake. As Mr. Burton says, "This act in the eyes of Mr. John's party was a far more serious outrage than the death of the modern Jezebel." James has to apologize, and hopes

* *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1638.* By John Hill Burton. Vols. V. VI. VII. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1870.

"that none of his subjects would blame him for the affection which he carried to his mother, which moved him to do that which he did." The only sign of any strong feeling on Mary's behalf is an isolated statement which, together with Mr. Burton's comment, or rather no comment, we had better give in his own words:—

Among the manuscripts in the Rolls House there is an account of a scene not referred to elsewhere, so far as I am aware, and so totally out of harmony with all other testimonies as to the prevailing tone in Scotland at this juncture, that I can only copy it from the original without comment. It is in a letter addressed to Walsingham by Robert Carvell or Carell, called in Thomas's *Historical Notes* a "captain at Berwick." It is dated on 3rd August 1537, and the scene it describes is referred to as occurring at a meeting of the Estates on the 26th of July: "The Lord Chancellor made an oration in the presence of the king and his nobilitie touchinge a revenge for the death of the queene; and then and there all the lords (upon their knees) which were there present made a solemne vow that they would always be ready to ayd and assist hym both with the hasard of lands, lives, and goods, whensoever his majestie shold command them in that action. But for maintenance of the Gospel and the mynestrey there is no provision made."

Whatever value any one may attach to the Berwick captain's letter, it is curious to see into what it swells in the hands of Mr. Tytler:—

Mr. Tytler, on the assumption that there was throughout the country "a desire to attack England and avenge the death of Mary," gives the following paraphrase of this passage: "So deep was this feeling, that Thirlstane, now raised to the high office of chancellor, in closing the Parliament, made a stirring appeal to the assembled Estates; and such was the impression of his eloquence, that the nobles, in a transport of pity and enthusiasm, threw themselves upon their knees before the king, and amid the clang of their weapons and imprecations against Elizabeth, took a vow that they would hazard their lives and fortunes in the quarrel."

We were landed a paragraph back among ecclesiastical affairs, and it is certain that, in the history of these times, it is ecclesiastical affairs to which the highest interest belongs. Mr. Froude is not wrong in saying that it was their Reformation which really formed the Scottish people. Still Scottish ecclesiastical history at this time is anything but clear or easy to remember. The old system seems to die out bit by bit; a Bishop or an Abbot turns up all by himself after we had thought that Bishops and Abbots had come to an end; and perhaps, after all, the Abbot turns out to be only a lay commendator. Then we have two or three distinct revivals of episcopacy in two or three distinct forms. First, we have *Tuchan* Bishops, who were simply to be milked for the benefit of lay usurpers of their lands. Then come Bishops who are to be Lords of Parliament and to be actual ministers of the Kirk, but for whose special ecclesiastical authority or position no provision is made. Lastly, when King James is also King of England, we get real Bishops, consecrated in England with all proper formalities, except that, as some specially rigid churchmen thought, they ought to have been ordained priests before they were consecrated Bishops. The point which, for the whole time to be rightly understood, should be specially borne in mind, is that the present Scottish dislike to a preconceived form of prayer did not yet exist. The Book of Common Order, often called Knox's Liturgy, was in common use. This was a form undoubtedly much less rigid than the English form, and which did not so completely fetter the discretion of the officiating minister; but it still was a form, and it did not leave him, as at present, at liberty to pray exactly as he pleases. The dislike to the book which Charles and Laud tried to force upon the Scots did not arise from hatred to all forms of prayer as such; it was a hatred to this particular form, as English, as what they were pleased to call Popish, and as imposed without any lawful authority. And while on this head we must point out a few mistakes of detail into which Mr. Burton has fallen. His account of the attempt to bring in the book of 1637 is admirably done; it is told fully, clearly, and impartially; but he has broken down in some of the ecclesiastical details. It is somewhat amazing when in vi. 412 we find the apostle Bartholomew reckoned, along with St. Bernard, St. Lawrence, and St. Martin, among "saints whose names are not found in Scripture." But, when Mr. Burton gets into the details of the Liturgy of 1637, he seems a good deal out of his element. First of all he seems to assume that the book of 1637 is the same as that Scottish Communion Service which has been a subject of controversy in our own day. Ignorant people call it Popish, simply because it forsakes all Western usages, Roman, Anglican, and Presbyterian, and follows the undoubtedly more ancient forms of the Churches of the East. For such forms we do not quarrel with Lord Shaftesbury for keeping some hard names in store; they may be something very bad, but Popish is just the one particular thing that they are not. But the Scottish Communion Service now in use—if it still be anywhere in use—is greatly changed in this direction from the form of 1637, just as the form of 1637 was greatly changed from the English Prayer Book. Mr. Burton does well to warn his readers that the Breviary and the Missal are not the same thing, and also that it is in no way praiseworthy for the most zealous Protestant to be ignorant of the difference; but he would have done well to have marked more clearly that changes in the Communion Service, if they came from any Roman book at all, must needs come from the Missal, and could not possibly come from the Breviary, and he quite fails to notice those important changes in the actual ceremony of consecration in which the book of 1637 departs from the English Prayer Book, and the present Scottish book again departs from the book of 1637. Mr. Burton too has misconceived the history of the form of words used in the English book at the actual administration to the communicants:—

In the well-known English communion-service, after the instruction to deliver the elements to the people, "humbly kneeling," the form to be employed is—

"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

"Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving."

"The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

"Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful."

Each injunction is here divided into two paragraphs, for the purpose of rendering the alteration intended for Scotland the more distinct. It consisted in each instance of the omission of the second paragraph—that which defines the reception of the element as an act of commemoration. There was a precedent for the shorter form in the English Prayer-book authorized under Edward VI. in 1549. But this did not palliate the offence; on the contrary, what followed in England only gave emphasis to it. There was an outcry that the words adopted were an admission of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and in the Prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth's reign the commemorative words were added to relieve the communion-service of this scandal. With this incident in the literature of Protestant devotion before them, the promoters of the Service-book had themselves to blame if they were suspected of a design to restore the doctrine of transubstantiation.

Any one would think that the revisers of the time of Elizabeth found the form of the first book of Edward in use and added the second paragraph out of their own heads. The truth is that in the first book of Edward the first paragraph stood alone, and in the second book of Edward the second paragraph stood alone. In the Elizabethan book the two were put together. The change in Elizabeth's time then was not, as Mr. Burton seems to think, a departure from the first book of Edward, but rather a partial return to it.

We regret these inaccuracies all the more because it is an unspeakable gain to have a narrative of a matter of this sort written by a man like Mr. Burton, who is neither a zealot on either side nor a scoffer at both sides. But we believe that the history of the Prayer Book is to the world in general a subject only less mysterious than the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire or that of an old-foundation cathedral.

We mean to return to Mr. Burton another week, but we will just mention the curious form in which the infant King James, or rather the Earl of Morton in his name, described himself in his coronation oath—"I, James, Prince and Stewart of Scotland." He was, of course, not King till he was crowned, but how long had the heir apparent been called Prince, or Prince of Scotland? It is more curious still that the old hereditary office of the family out of which the surname grew was not forgotten. The child, not King till he is crowned, is already Steward. It was a lucky thing that James's father bore the name of Stewart as well as his mother. What if Darnley's surname had been Gordon or Douglas? or what if the crown of Scotland had passed to a son either of the Earl of Bothwell or of the Most Christian King?

SYLVESTER'S LAWS OF VERSE.*

THERE is no stronger temptation, to a man of original reflective and analytical power, than to look on his own special science as a kind of universal organon, capable of unlocking any and every treasure-house of research. Scientific men thus from time to time light strange altar fires, and wander after unwonted objects of devotion. The great Newton's "Observations on the Apocalypse" remain as a perpetual reminder that even the profoundest mathematician bears no talisman to save him from pitfalls when he strays too confidently beyond his true *métier*—"altrius extra limen Apulias"—and other examples have not been wanting. The proper tone in which to criticize this amateur work of men of genius depends entirely on the spirit in which the work itself is undertaken. If Dr. Sylvester, for example, were not clearly and deeply in earnest about the *Laws of Verse*, and did not seriously feel certain that he had hold of an important stick (so to speak) by the right end, we should be disposed to give quite another handling than we do to this unique essay. But even the mistakes of men of genius, honestly made, are often suggestive; and in any antagonistic remarks which we may have to offer on Dr. Sylvester's theories we should wish it to be understood that they are made not without due recognition of his scientific eminence as a profound analyst, and of his directness of purpose.

The wish that has seized hold of Dr. Sylvester is apparently this. He would introduce into æsthetical subject-matter the methodic principles of exact science. By following out the hints given in the *Laws of Verse*, he believes that we may develop a system of rules capable of reducing the technical part of lyrical poetry to the form of propositions. He thinks that these may be so stated as to be debateable with logical precision, and to be entirely removed from "that indefinite region of taste which, like the so-called discretion of a judge, does not admit of being made the subject of rational discussion." He is of opinion that there is quite as much room for a method of the distribution of sound as of laying on colour, and that the analogy of the two arts of versification and colouring may be demonstrated to exist down to some very minute details.

* *The Laws of Verse, or Principles of Versification exemplified in Metrical Translations: together with an Annotated Reprint of the Inaugural Presidential Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association at Exeter.* By J. J. Sylvester, LL.D., F.R.S., Examiner in Mathematics to the University of London, &c. &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

Following out these beliefs, Dr. Sylvester has developed a series of analytical subdivisions of verse, the triadic monotony of which might have convinced him that he was at least straying beyond due bounds on a right path, even if not altogether on a wrong one. In poetry, he says, we have the three things, sound, thought, and words; hence three divisions, named by him the pneumatic, linguistic, and rhythmic aspects. Rhythm branches out again (if the reader will be patient for a moment longer) into metric, chromatic, and synectic; synectic, again, into anastomosis, symptosis, and (between these) into the "main flood of phonetic syzygy." Syzygy being, in fact, the real subject of the essay, we will stop here, just remarking that the analysis given so far presents only a faint conception of Dr. Sylvester's fertility in an endless multiplicity of subdivision. Synectic, it must be said, is a mathematical term, first used by Cauchy in his *Theory of Functions*. In Dr. Sylvester's essay it appears to stand for all that part of the mechanism of versification which is not mere metre or mere word-painting. And syzygy—a term of which, though it is well enough known, he might as well have given a special definition—represents the mutual relation of sounds in rhythmic sequences. Thus, in the first stanza of "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit"—an instance which we ourselves select at random—Dr. Sylvester would talk of the syzygetic system of h's (hail, heaven, heart) and of labials (blithe, bird, profuse, unpremeditated).

Now the reason why we deprecate a superficial tone of contentment over an essay of this kind from such a man is that the genuine effort to track out law is always worth having and ought never to be despised. But, with every wish to do him justice, we appeal to Dr. Sylvester to reflect whether rhythmic analysis, at the length to which he has pushed it, is not a valueless multiplication of words in a field where the things signified were never meant to be reached and classified and bandied about by an exact verbal analysis at all. He talks of the region of taste as indefinite. But why is it indefinite? Not because beauty of rhythm or of colour is a thing uncertain in itself, and requiring systematic evolution, but because adequate fineness and directness of perception are things uncommon. All the terminology in Dr. Sylvester's verbal laboratory, and we believe it to be inexhaustible, will never make a dull apprehension keener; and as for the verses which, being wrong before, a study of phonetic syzygy would put right, we have only to say that they ought never to have been written at all.

A Nemesis on a reckless use of analytical gymnastic power does not fail to await the essayist. In his zeal for Horatian metre, Dr. Sylvester supplies us with a mathematical symbol for the alcaic stanza, and demonstrates that it has a "pure algebraical or tactical deep-seated harmony of its own." We dare say that a symbol might very readily be produced for the sapphic stanza, or for the heroic couplet, and a more complex one might even carry the sonnet. But what of that? Where order is patent to both eye and ear, it is natural to suppose that a symbol of the arrangement may be invented. But when that has been done we are just where we were before; and it is only a morbid enthusiasm in favour of analysis for its own sake that can betray a critic into deducing, with Dr. Sylvester, from the evidence of the alcaic stanza, that the bias of Horace's mind was strongly mathematical, and that here perhaps may be sought "the secret of the peculiar incisive power and diamond-like glitter of his verse." Dr. Sylvester would seem to have forgotten that there is scarcely a single profession, trade, or calling, from a divine or a lawyer to a cobbler or a dog-fancier, in which Shakespeare has not been held to have been profoundly versed according to the special point of view taken; but none of these points of view were critical points. He has also expressed some confidence (though not without elements of divergence being expressed) in Edgar Poe's clever but critically worthless "Rationale of Versification." It seems scarcely credible that a man of Poe's acuteness, who is said also to have received a "classical education" when young, should have seriously proposed to scan a choriambic line like "Mæcenas atavis" with a four-fold ictus, as if composed of four dactyls or their accentual equivalents. And again, had Poe ever seen the true sapphic line in

παῖράν μοι κῆρυγ' ὅρος θεῶν,

or in Mr. Swinburne's perfect English rhythm,

Sound of feet and thunder of wings around her,

he would never have attempted to demonstrate correctness in what by comparison is a mere jingle—namely, the scansion adopted in "Needy knife-grinder." Nemesis has further permitted Dr. Sylvester to perpetuate certain grotesqueries in print which he will probably regret when the Horatian "ninth year" has arrived. These we gladly pass over, partly because they are not essential to his views, and partly as being due to a haphazard concoction of the volume which, if not quite respectful to his readers, was at once unintentional and unavoidable.

He has illustrated the principles of phonetic syzygy by several translations from Horace, Schiller, Uhland, and a few other writers, adding to these a small selection of original verse. The crucial test of the principles is to be looked for in a translation of the "Tyrrena Regum." This, taken as a whole, we cordially recognise as a thoroughly good translation, though we shall probably annoy Dr. Sylvester by expressing a belief that he would have done just as well and better had he never heard the name either of syzygy or anastomosis. He was severely exercised by a long uncertainty as to whether *fastidiosam copiam* should be turned

by "loathed profusion" or "gorged profusion." If for no other reason, the book would be worth buying in order to read the author's account of how he extricated himself from this obstinate embarrassment. In deference to at least four concurrent scientific principles, he decided at last in favour of the latter expression; but, if he had kept his head clear of all this technical gossamer, he would probably have decided much sooner, and might have hit on a translation better than either. He deserves, however, cordial praise for his sincere and laborious loyalty to the original; and the following rendering of Pitt's favourite lines at the end of the ode shows many points of genuine qualification for the task of a translator:—

Fortune at work with savage gleo
On mocking game, remorseless bent,
Shifts her light favours, now to me,
To another now, beneficent.
I greet her stay: but if anew
She shakes swift wings, her gifts abjure.
And wrapped in my own virtue woo:
Poverty, portionless but pure.

The "Story of Europa" (*Carm. iii. 27*) falls a good deal below this mark; but, on the other hand, successful renderings are given of Schiller's "Ideals" and Uhland's "Castle by the Shore." There is internal evidence which would show, even if the author had not explained in a note, that this last version was written in ignorance of Longfellow's translation of the same little poem. Dr. Sylvester's metre is less happy than the other; but as translations there is little or nothing to choose between the two. To recur for a moment to the "Tyrrena Regum," the phrase "thrice-happy Rome," though defended with some ingenuity, is probably a quite mistaken rendering of *beata Roma*. The idea can hardly, with that particular word, be anything else than "opulent Rome," and if the translator objects that *opes* next following is a repetition, he should remember that it is just as likely to be a cumulation. We sympathize with Dr. Sylvester as against his friends—for the notes admit us into several private confidences—in thinking "Pour o'er the pole" a very good rendering of *polum occupato*. A good prolongation of a sound is no harm in it; though, to be fully effective, it ought to have had an heroic line instead of an octosyllable to carry it off.

The essayist is certainly mistaken if he supposes himself, as he seems to do, to be the propounder of the rest or pause or silent compensatory syllable in scansion. It is hard to believe him no better informed than this, yet his words appear to suggest it. But how else did any intelligent reader of Milton ever attempt to scan the majestic line

Burnt after them, to the bottomless pit;

or again

Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress;

and very many more that ought to be familiar in the works of the great master of blank verse.

By a curious kind of appropriateness Dr. Sylvester has bound up with his *Laws of Verse* the presidential address which he delivered last year before the Mathematical Section of the British Association. The subject is, in brief, an apology for mathematics and mathematicians; an argument to show, against Professor Huxley principally, that mathematical reasoning evokes and exercises in the highest degree the powers of observation, comparison, imagination, and invention. The address appeals to professed mathematical students, and is much too technical for general discussion. It throws, however, a curious ray of psychological light upon the mental conditions under which the essay was produced which forms the earlier and larger part of this volume. Dr. Sylvester must forgive us for saying that he has allowed the hobby of analytical investigation too much rein; and while we sincerely hope that this will not be the last occasion on which he applies his powers of penetration and classification to a literary subject, yet he must be prepared to be misunderstood, especially while witfully omitting certain obvious safeguards against misunderstanding.

HIGHER LAW.*

"A ROMANCE," says Lord Chesterfield, "generally consists of twelve volumes, filled with insipid love nonsense, and most incredible adventures." The work before us, which may lay claim to the character of being about the dullest and the most nauseous work of fiction of the season, is called "a romance," and in most particulars it corresponds not inaccurately with Lord Chesterfield's description. There are only three volumes to be sure, and the adventures are neither particularly credible nor particularly incredible; they are simply confused. But the "love nonsense" is copious enough to fill a whole library of romances. And, besides being insipid and copious, it has the peculiar merit of being offensive and unnatural. So that the reading of such a romance as this is not only a "most frivolous occupation," to continue the quotation from Lord Chesterfield, "and time merely thrown away." It is all that and a great deal more. It is time thoroughly and shamefully mispent. Such a book can afford neither pleasure nor profit to any human being, and we can only stand in amazement and wonder how a man of capacity, as the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* undoubtedly is, could spend days and nights in putting together the sentences and chapters which compose these three volumes, expecting that they could be tolerated in any decent

* *Higher Law. A Romance.* By the Author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1870.

household of gentlemen and ladies, or that they could reflect any sort of credit upon the author. It professes to be a kind of half-amatory half-philosophical treatise, in which certain mouthpieces enunciate the reflections of the author upon love, philosophy, science, religion, and art. But the love is that of undomesticated animals, and the philosophy is little better than an unclean mauling upon subjects of some physiological and some psychological interest. The science is crude, and of the pupil-teacher order. The religion is Swinburnian; and the less said about it the better. And the art-criticism is at its best little better than Hawthorne and water. *Transformation* has been laid under heavy contributions to supply paragraphs and pages of original speculation on the pictures of the Roman palaces, and the statues of the Vatican. And *Elective Affinities*, well watered with imaginings very foreign to the masculine intelligence of Goethe, has re-appeared on British soil in true unideal English dress, and bristling with new and advanced doctrines of the Higher Law. But there is no trace of that philosophic insight into human life and character which has made the latter volume a standard work for all ages and all countries. And the refined tone and delicate nervous perception of beauty which charmed us all in the pages of the *Marble Faun*, the careful selection of words and epithets in which new æsthetic ideas were clothed, and the modulated melody of Mr. Hawthorne's sentences, are all absent here. In the place of the first, we have schoolboy speculation on the animal instincts of the human race. And in place of the last we have confused rhetoric and magniloquent paragraphs put into the mouths of what the author would wish us to believe are men and women of this nineteenth century. And these persons go on from page to page and from volume to volume, prating and babbling of religion in the Higher Law sense, and of the relation of the sexes, and the cherishing of natural instincts, and the identity of temperament, and the Divine development. And all these high-sounding phrases (including the Divine development) mean—what? They mean the deification of the animal passions, and the reduction of men and women to the normal condition of the beasts of the field.

The outline of the romance is of the following kind. There are two characters whom the author desires us to consider men, and two more whom he chooses to designate as women. Throughout the volumes they are called by the names of Maynard and Noel (males), Margaret and Sophia (females). We have thought it necessary to indicate the respective sexes of these characters. There might be some difficulty in distinguishing them, as some of the things said by the men would seem to come more naturally from women; and most of the things said by the women, especially by Sophia, might possibly be said by men in strictly male society, but could never enter the minds, much less issue from the lips, of the representatives of the female sex in the ordinary relations of life in which, happily for mankind, only the Lower Law prevails.

Maynard is a brawny madman, or, as the author puts it, a man "liable to curious fits of moody rumination," with the obstinacy of a mule and the energy of a steam-engine. Noel is a godlike creature with strong brute propensities. "To love, and not to show it, was his nature; to be loved without making effort to win it was his fate." Godlike, he was endowed with superhuman strength. "Sudden as the stroke of the destroying angel, his uplifted hand, armed with its tremendous weapon—namely, 'a slung shot, a favourite and terrible weapon of Californian rowdies,' fell with rapid blows upon the ruffian heads around him. At each descent of his arm, a man fell stunned or dead." And when they came to pick up the pieces, "they found five bodies extended on the ground. Two appeared to be dead; the others were only insensible." Brute-like, his passions were too much for him. For before killing or stunning all these people, he fell disgustingly in love with his friend's wife, whom, in emulation of an historical though far from godlike character mentioned in the *Chronicles* of the town of Coventry, he had watched while bathing in a secluded bay in North Devon, clothed in the simple costume of her own loveliness.

The Godiva of Higher Law is the heroine of this work. She is described as "a beatified spirit," removed from the range of ordinary humanity by "the ethereal essence of her nature"—whatever that may mean when translated into prose. Her face bears "an ineffable expression," and we can easily believe it; and it lights up sometimes "with a sad, wan, yet angelic smile." This "ethereal essence" marries the ruminating madman from a sense of duty, and goes out to Mexico with him, where she has two children. But she does not love him according to the Higher Law. She yearns indefinitely after some spiritual brother of her own. And this spiritual brother, her imagination, fired doubtless by the solitude of a Mexican wilderness (if it is not folly to speak of an "ethereal essence" with an imagination), pictures to her as wandering up and down the world in pursuit of her. Noel comes upon the scene—the only Englishman, almost the only man except her husband, she has seen since she came to Mexico. She recognises him at once as her long sought-for brother, and recognises also in some poetry which he has addressed to her while the guest of her husband, "the luxuriant exuberance of an unlimited potentiality of loving." Noel is not backward in reciprocating her attachment. On their very first meeting she tells him of her sisterly affection for him, her husband having previously left the room; and Noel, with a promptitude that is to be expected from a man of his "luxuriant exuberance," &c., instantly (her husband being still absent) discovers that Margaret and he are "one and identical in temperament, in character, and in soul; the other half of each other, long dreamt of, and yearned for, and

now at length found—found when too late." This domestic incident in the solitary life of a Mexican family takes place early in the second volume. And from that period till the end of the third, Noel, and his friend, and his friend's wife, spend days and nights and months together in supreme and perfect mutual felicity. The husband is devoted to his wife, but being a philosopher as well as a husband, and seeing that she does not care for him, "came rather to wish that she might experience a grand passion for some one, believing that it would soften her towards himself." His wish was granted to the full, but not quite with the result which he anticipated.

The friend becomes more and more enamoured of the husband's wife, and the "ethereal essence" is not backward in returning his attachment. They advance rapidly in the mysteries of spiritual brother and sisterhood. In the second volume, she is kissed by her spiritual brother "again and again on her brow, her eyes, her lips, until she sunk exhausted on the sofa that was beside her." Early in the third, she spends a long summer's night with him, "reclining side by side beneath a noble mahogany-tree," while her mad husband was roaming all about the forest looking for her; and she describes her sensations on that particular night in the following strain:—

Oh, Edmund, I know now what love is. I know what has been the depth of James's disappointment in me. I know what I can never be to you. My dream was more than I can tell or interpret. And you—you say you passed the night with your arm around me, and willed holy thoughts to come into my vision. Yes, I am sure you did, otherwise there could have been no peacefulness in my sleep. I should have started, and awoke, and left you, had I felt your heart to be other than it was. And after the revelations to me of the heights and depths of all human love, differing from and surpassing all that I had ever imagined, I dreamt on; dreamt that we were both in heaven, just so reclining on a lovely slope, with glorious landscape round, and sitting hand in hand, one arm round each, my head upon your shoulder, both perfectly glad, and both unconscious quite if 'twere eternity or time that sped. Only to be so, seemed enough for joy. I am sure it was not wrong, for he was there, near us, quick pacing up and down; awhile absorbed in thought, and then towards us glancing without a shade of shadow on his face; as if to say, "be happier now for all: for me, I feel through you." Oh, Edmund, could I but have died then!

After this declaration of her attachment she travels home from Mexico to England alone with her lover and a little Mexican maid. She goes with him to Italy and spends weeks in his society in those sunny climes. But during all these varying vicissitudes of love's emotions by sea and land, the lovers keep with attorney-like sagacity and discretion within the law. Nothing actually occurs that would warrant the interposition of a civil judge. And when life on these terms becomes barely supportable, the protracted period of probation is brought to a timely close by a tragic incident which befalls the husband. He had gone, on his return from Mexico, to spend a festive night all alone among the Druidical stones at Stonehenge, and one of the biggest of them seized the golden opportunity and, falling on him, left him a crushed and mangled corpse beneath its ruins. By this fortuitous concurrence of atoms the lovers are made happy, and the "beatified spirit" rises to the emergency. She refuses vehemently to become Noel's wife, and protests against doing anything so commonplace, but offers in a spirit of supreme self-sacrifice to become his mistress. They are, however, decently married, and the curtain falls upon their departure on their wedding tour.

Such is the outline of this work of fiction, and when we characterize it as dull, unnatural, and loathsome we do not think the public will consider that we have exceeded our duty. The author probably will despise us. In the second volume he intimates his opinion of the manner in which romances should be written, read, and criticized:—

I believe it possible [he says] to write a romance containing both esoteric and exoteric significations, each alike interesting and instructive to those to whom it is addressed, and unintelligible to those by whom it is not intended to be understood. . . . If, leaving the domain of mere science or mere amusement, your object be really to enlighten, there will be plenty to point out to the world that its holiest, its dearest, or its usefulest sentiments are being trampled on, and you will find yourself and your art consigned to perdition by the inevitable "weak brothers" who do not stop to consider whether they are capable of understanding you aright; or who care far less whether you have truth on your side, than whether you agree with them. You should determine, before you begin to write, at what kind of success you aim, or you may be sadly disappointed at the result. If at a commercial success, that is, to be read by the tens of thousands, you must be content with providing milk for babes, so far as any real thought is concerned. If at a literary or philosophical success, that is, to be praised on high grounds by high-class reviews, you must be content with a small audience.

He has written according to this receipt. His romance contains significations both esoteric and exoteric. These significations may be "alike interesting and instructive" to those who are initiated in the Higher Law. To us who are not in that proud position they are neither the one nor the other. The majority of them, we are thankful to say, are, to use the author's own words, simply unintelligible. And what are intelligible are for the most part disgusting. Doubtless after such a confession we shall be classed among the "inevitable weak brothers," and this journal will henceforth be considered anything but a "high-class review" by the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shrine*. We cannot avert this calamity. We must fold our arms and submit. But in order that we may part in no unfriendly spirit from a man of some ability, as the author by his previous work has shown himself to be, let us in all humility beg him to return to the good old times, and provide us as before with "milk for babes." It is much better for himself and much pleasanter for his readers. To "aim at a commercial success" no doubt is sordid, and

worthy only of a follower of the Lower Law. But success, even with this sordid attribute attached to it, is something, and we cannot see even the germs of either commercial or any other kind of success in this work, of which we are glad to wash our hands for ever.

DIDEROT ON THE BLIND.*

THIS amusing epistle, which we may fairly surmise is but little read by the present generation, is a fair specimen of the science or art that was called "philosophy" in the middle of the last century. Its author, afterwards famous as the boldest free-thinker of free-thinking France, wrote it in 1749, when he was about thirty-six years of age, and jointly with D'Alembert had just undertaken the editorship of that *Encyclopédie* from which he derived his immortality. Apparently it owed its origin to a pique. Réaumur, noted as an oculist, had couched a person born blind, and Diderot had hoped to be present at the operation, together with his mistress, Madame de Puisieux, who took, or affected to take, deep interest in scientific matters. No one, however, was admitted but Madame de Saint-Maure, who was on an intimate footing with the Minister d'Argenson, and prided herself on her knowledge of anatomy. Diderot solaced himself and Madame de Puisieux by visiting on his own account a man born blind who lived at Puisieux, a small French town, and embodying in a printed letter the result of his observations and reflections. We learn rather darkly that the letter, or its occasion, gave offence to the Minister's favourite, and was the cause of that imprisonment at Vincennes which formed one of the incidents of Diderot's chequered life.

Like Lessing, to whom he has often been compared, Diderot loved to take up a subject apparently small, and try how far he could be drifted along by the current of investigation. The full title of his epistle, "Lettre sur les Aveugles, à l'usage de ceux qui voient," shows that, though he starts from the born blind, it is the blind who will not see that he hopes to enlighten. He went to Puisieux at five o'clock in the afternoon, but the object of his visit had not been out of bed for more than an hour, his day commencing when that of his neighbours was drawing to a close. His extreme activity at midnight, remarkable to Diderot, would not seem in the least surprising to a compositor attached to a modern daily newspaper, but the direction which it took was strange. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of order, and his chief care was to restore to its proper place every article that had been removed from it in the course of the day. This love of order is, in the opinion of Diderot, a natural consequence of blindness, arising from the especial difficulty experienced by the blind in finding anything that has been removed from its ordinary position. The distinction between the beautiful and the useful was by no means clear to the afflicted man of Puisieux, and this circumstance gave rise to an ironical expression of commiseration on the part of his visitor:—"Les aveugles ne sont-ils pas bien à plaindre de n'estimer beau que ce qui est bon?"

Oddly enough the blind man took a great interest in looking-glasses, and this suggested to his visitor the inquiry whether he knew what a mirror really was. He defined it as a machine which puts things in relief at a distance from themselves (loin d'elles-mêmes), provided always that they are placed in a position suitable to this operation. The word "relief," which in its material sense we seldom use save in reference to certain works of sculpture, held an important place in the vocabulary of the blind man, to whom the external world was chiefly revealed by the sense of touch. Admirably enlightened as to the mirror, he found himself puzzled when he heard of the wonders of the microscope and the telescope, and was inclined to believe that an instrument which magnified objects must itself be large.

Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.

Asked to define the eye, the blind man replied that it was an organ upon which the air made an impression similar to that made by his stick upon his hand. This curt proposition he illustrated by saying:—"When I place my hand between your eyes and a given object my hand is present to you, but the object is absent. The same thing occurs when I feel after one object with my stick, and find another."

The talent of the blind man for threading a needle was marvellous. He placed it between his lips, and with the aid of his tongue drew the thread through the eye by dint of suction. With praiseworthy caution Diderot informs us that this performance was impossible when the thread was too thick for the hole, but he consoles us with the profound remark:—"Dans ce cas, celui qui voit n'est guère moins embarrassé que celui qui est privé de la vue."

The declaration of the blind man, who had brought his sense of touch to an abnormal degree of acuteness, that he would lament his privation were it not accompanied by certain qualities apparently unattainable by those blessed with eyesight, plunges Diderot into a strange state of scepticism. He places man in opposition to the rest of the animal world, and then subjects him to a severe cross-examination by the brutes. If man has arms, the gnat has wings; if man uses weapons, the lion has his claws; and if brutes generally will concede that we enjoy the exclusive privilege of reason, they will still assert that they are endowed with an instinct that renders reason superfluous. The blind man of

Puisieux scarcely regrets his infirmity. Save from motives of curiosity, he would prefer an increased length of arm to the boon of eyesight. With arms indefinitely long he thinks he could ascertain more of what is going on in the moon than the astronomers who make use of their telescopes. He argues, moreover, that the eye sooner loses the power of vision than the hand loses the sense of touch. He would rather have the organ which he possesses brought to extreme perfection than accept the organ of which he is deprived.

The blind man once got into trouble. Quarrelling with one of his brothers, he knocked him down very neatly with the first missile which responded to the sense of touch, and was consequently taken before a magistrate, who threatened to put him into the black-hole (*cul de basse-fosse*). Nothing daunted, he replied that he had been there for twenty-five years already. Here the blind man manifestly rose superior to the man who sees. His moral code proved to be what under other circumstances would have been deemed capricious. Theft he regarded with extreme abhorrence, for he felt not only that he could be more easily robbed than his neighbours, but also that he himself would be more easily detected if he attempted a little pilfering. His views of decorum, as connected with the subject of clothing, were identical with those attributed to the ancient Cynics. With much acuteness Diderot surmises that persons born blind do not strongly sympathize with the sufferings of others. We should feel less compunction at shooting a man whom distance had reduced to the apparent size of a swallow than at cutting the throat of a bullock, and though we pity a wounded horse, we tread on an ant without scruple. If magnitude and distance have so much to do with the regulation of our feelings, much stronger must be the case of the blind man to whom the chief phenomena that excite sympathy are absolutely null. This surmise of Diderot harmonizes with the theory that cruelty to animals results from a lack of imagination.

While, however, we have a right to suppose that the man born blind is comparatively deficient in humanity, we may also conclude that he is strong in the power of abstraction, or, more properly, that the work which we effect of abstraction is ready done to his hands. A number of tangible points can be counted as readily as a number of visible points, and in arriving at the notion of pure unity, the blind are spared the necessity of abstracting from colour, which in the imagination of those who see is always associated with corporeal objects. A machine invented for purposes of calculation by Saunderson, a blind mathematician of Cambridge, whose "Algebra" was, in its day, a standard work, is described by Diderot with much minuteness; and the same Saunderson becomes a much more interesting person when on his death-bed he propounds his views on religion. About two years before the publication of the "Letter on the Blind," a book by one William Incliff, who had studied under Saunderson, had been published at Dublin, and from this Diderot extracts and translates such fragments as he deems suitable for his purpose. Mr. Gervaise Holmes, a clergyman, had, it seems, been sent for to attend the dying mathematician, and a controversy arose between them respecting the existence of a Deity, which may remind some of the famous dialogue between Bishop Burnet and the Earl of Rochester. To arguments based on the wonders of the creation Saunderson was utterly impenetrable, declaring that glories of which he knew nothing were to him no glories at all. He could only believe in a Deity discernible by the sense of touch. Mr. Holmes, taking him at his word, desired him to pass his hand over his own body, and thus to recognise the symmetry of the human form. The symmetry he conceded, under protest; but he denied the legitimacy of ascending from a perfect machine to the assumption of a sovereign intelligence, arguing that this was merely the substitution of a greater difficulty for a less, and adding that he was quite as ready to accept the elephant and tortoise of that never-to-be-forgotten Indian as the creed of his reverend adviser. Far more remarkable is the fact that, in the course of a dialogue which took place in the last century, a doctrine that has especially engaged the attention of the modern mind was expressed with tolerable precision. Granted that the world is now a perfect specimen of symmetry, Saunderson questions our right to assume that such was the case from the beginning. In the earliest days might there not have been some animals without heads, and others without feet? He is of opinion that, through some inherent defect, one race of monsters perished after another, till at last faulty combinations were annihilated, and those animals alone remained whose mechanism involved no contradictions, and who had within themselves the power of subsistence and perpetuation. Here we have a very fair adumbration of the doctrine of Mr. Darwin. But, as we have already said, the perfection of the world even in the eighteenth century is only hypothetically conceded. Saunderson was too sensible of his own infirmity to fall into admiration at the fitness of things. What had been the respective deserts of himself and Mr. Holmes, that one should be born blind and the other enjoy the blessings of eyesight? Mr. Holmes's reference to Newton, as a believing philosopher, seems to have made more impression on the dying man than any other argument; for his last words were:—"Oh! God of Clarke and Newton have pity on me."

The history of Saunderson's death-bed is, however, not complete without the statement of an additional fact. In 1758, nine years after the publication of the "Letter on the Blind," we find Mr. Gervaise Holmes re-appearing as the author of a pamphlet published at Cambridge, and controverting the accuracy of Diderot's narrative; and, according to the authority of M. Naigeon, the record of the remarkable conversation caused the exclusion of Diderot from our Royal Society. Whether the Cambridge Professor was unjustly

* *Lettre sur les Aveugles.* Œuvres de Denis Diderot, publiées par Jacques-André Naigeon. Paris: Deterville. An VIII.

maligned or not is a question which we leave for the decision of those readers who are disposed to compare the respective testimonies of Messrs. Inceff and Holmes with each other, and also with the use made of the Dublin book by the not too scrupulous Frenchman. The philosophical value of the "letter" would remain just the same even if the blind man of Puisaux turned out to be a myth, and the English mathematician died fervently declaring his belief in the Christian religion. Taking his standpoint on a philosophy which derives all knowledge from sensation, Diderot puts the case of a man deprived from the moment of his birth of one of the most important senses, and argues out his mental condition. This task he executes, in our opinion, with great ingenuity, and it is of small importance whether his facts are drawn from experience or imagination.

Dr. Karl Rosenkranz, the latest and most exhaustive biographer and critic of Diderot, points out one glaring inconsistency in his deductions. First we are told that the absence of eyesight favours the conception of abstract ideas, and yet Saunderson, we learn afterwards, will not believe in a Deity whom he cannot touch. Although born blind, he studies optics, and therefore believes in an intangible entity called light. Why, therefore, should the idea of a Supreme Intelligence be so utterly beyond the reach of his apprehension?

Voltaire, to whom Diderot sent a copy of his "Letter," and who was anything but an atheist, wrote a very civil acknowledgment of the gift, but was by no means pleased with the doubts of the dying mathematician. Saunderson had no right, on the mere foundation of his blindness, to call in question the existence of a God, but should rather have recognised the operation of an Intelligent Being who had so liberally compensated him for his defect, and who, through the medium of thought, had shown him the possibility of infinite relations in all classes of objects. He shrewdly suspected, as indeed will most persons who study not only the arguments but the tone of the letter, that Diderot's blind men were, to a great extent, the mouthpieces of Diderot's own opinions. Diderot, however, who had started as a theist of the school of Shaftesbury, and was still only on the road to the atheism which he afterwards professed, could not consent to be identified with the Cambridge mathematician. He writes a special letter in which he explains that Saunderson's views cannot be the same as his own, inasmuch as they are based on Saunderson's blindness, whereas he has the full use of his eyes. Certainly a few uneasy doubts as to the existence of a Supreme Being invade him sometimes during the night, but these are sure to be dissipated by the rising sun, which, not shining for the blind, leaves them in their sceptical or atheistical condition. While, however, professing his belief in a Supreme Being, he, with admirable *naïveté*, declares that he is on the best of terms with atheists, who, in spite of their doctrine, have much the same likes and dislikes as other people. In conformity with their theory of necessity, they express the conviction that a man who injures them is no more a free agent than a tile that happens to fall on their head. Nevertheless they are angry with the man, not with the tile, and this inconsistency, in the opinion of Diderot, renders them harmless.

Certain details in the "Letter" connected with the operation of couching, and a discussion on the question whether a blind man suddenly restored to sight would at once recognise and distinguish, by their visible form, the cube and the sphere, which he had already known by the sense of touch, we pass over, although this question was in its time deemed highly important by Locke, Molineux, and Condillac. One more passage, however, we cite as an illustration of the strong prejudice against Berkeley entertained by the French philosophers of the last century—a prejudice by no means founded on ignorance. Superficial as they might be on many other subjects, with the writings of Locke and his school they were quite familiar; but Berkeley was to them a stumbling-block, and a snare. Diderot conjectures that if Saunderson had written a book on geometry as well as on algebra, he would very closely have approached the doctrine of the idealists:—

On appelle *idéalistes*, ces philosophes qui n'ayant conscience que de leur existence et des sensations qui se succèdent au-dedans d'eux-mêmes, n'admettent pas d'autre chose; système extravagant, qui ne pouvait, ce me semble, avoir sa naissance qu'à des aveugles; système qui, à la honte de l'esprit humain et de la philosophie, est le plus difficile à combattre, quoique le plus absurde de tous.

The possibility that a system which it is so difficult to refute may not be so very absurd after all never seems to occur to Diderot, and yet he is on his road to the truth when he expresses a desire to see a combat between Berkeley as the representative of idealism, and Condillac as the champion of sensualism; at the same time observing that victory would be very difficult on either side, inasmuch as the principles of the two combatants would be precisely identical. But the philosophers of the eighteenth century, ready to admit any amount of scepticism with regard to spirit, were jealous of all attacks on that abstraction, matter, which was destined to become, in its time, the idol of a popular creed.

CLODE'S MILITARY FORCES OF THE CROWN.*

(Second Notice.)

PRIOR to the present century the policy of this country was to fill the ranks of the army with the cheapest labour and at the lowest cost to the State. For many years there was little or no inducement for men to enter the infantry. The pay was small;

* *The Military Forces of the Crown; their Administration and Government.* By Charles M. Clode. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1869.

the barracks, where they existed, were execrable; the discipline was severe; and the service abroad was equal to the punishment of transportation. In addition to these disadvantages the national feeling ran as strongly against the regular army as it did in favour of the navy and the militia. Among many proofs of the superior place held by the navy in the estimation of the country, not the least remarkable is afforded by the Book of Common Prayer, which contains no mention whatever of the Army, whereas two prayers are given in it to be used in the Royal Navy every day, in addition to the morning and evening services appointed for general use. The Articles of War of 1672 prescribed the duty of every chaplain to read every day the Common Prayer of the Church of England to the soldiers under his charge. The present Articles of War only require soldiers to attend divine service in the place appointed, without specifying times. During the first half of the eighteenth century the Crown exercised the power of drafting soldiers from one regiment to another. Thus the embarkation of a soldier for colonial service was equivalent to banishment for life, as it was always likely to be convenient to the Crown to keep the soldier abroad when it had got him there. But in 1765 the Mutiny Act gave power to a Court-martial to sentence any deserter, whom the Crown should not think deserving of capital punishment, to serve as a soldier in any corps stationed in foreign parts for life, or for a certain term of years. It thus became impossible to maintain the power of the Crown to draft soldiers, and by so doing to inflict upon them what was in effect a punishment without the sentence of a Court-martial. It was therefore necessary to change the system of drafting into one of voluntary engagement. When new regiments were raised, a fixed sum was allowed as bounty or levy money for each recruit, and the colonel to whom the letter of service was given for raising the regiment got the men at so much more or less as his personal influence or good fortune enabled him to do. If the allowance made by the Crown proved insufficient to stimulate enlistment, other expedients were resorted to. In the year 1759 several large towns opened subscriptions to be appropriated as bounty money to volunteers enlisting into the army. The London subscription amounted to 7,039l. 7s., and it procured 1,235 men at 5l. 5s. per man. The expense of raising new corps was frequently provided for in another manner—namely, by an agreement between the Crown and a nobleman or gentleman, that the latter should raise a regiment, receiving the nomination of all or some of the officers. This was called "raising men for rank." The colonel of a regiment, whether raising men as a new levy or to supply ordinary gaps, carried on the enlistment under the authority of a Beating Order. The agents of the Crown thus authorised were therefore the only persons capable of making a legal arrangement with any person for his enlistment. Having regard to the capital consequences that resulted to the subject from the breach of his contract to serve the Crown as a soldier, the action of Parliament was directed to the protection of the subject from making a contract of enlistment under surprise. The Mutiny Act of 1694 enacted that no person should be esteemed a soldier that should not have declared, before a justice, not being an officer of the army, his free consent to be enlisted. The impressment of soldiers by direct order of the Crown ceased after the Revolution of 1688, but an officer holding a letter of service to raise a regiment might have stronger inducements than ever influenced the Crown to resort to impressment. Appeals to the Secretary at War, or to the House of Commons, against such impressment were not uncommon; and it is remarkable that the power of impressment for the navy was allowed and constantly exercised in the early years of the present century.

A curious sort of conspiracy was carried on between the Crown and the colonels of regiments to defraud Parliament by mustering incomplete regiments as complete. The House of Commons held a debate in 1708 on the question, "That of the 29,395 English forces provided by Parliament for the service of Spain and Portugal in the year 1707, there were but 8,660 in Spain and Portugal at the time of the battle of Almanza." Men were alleged to be absent from muster without certificate of existence, and the word of the colonel was accepted in lieu thereof; and tradesmen or servants were dressed up in regimentals and passed as soldiers. This abuse was never eradicated as long as the pecuniary interest of the officers in the pay of their men continued, and it is one of many examples of a kind of fraud which those who practised it did not think wrong. The pious fraud, as it may be called, of carrying "widows' men" on the books of the navy was a practice of the same age. As regards obtaining men for the army in extraordinary times, the great principle of supply throughout the eighteenth century was that of conscription limited to the pauper and criminal classes. The discharge of insolvent debtors was sometimes made conditional on enlistment in the army; and prisoners convicted of capital felonies were pardoned on the same condition. The exact number of the criminal class admitted into the army during the war in the Peninsula is not easily traceable. "Three regiments—one of military distinction—were thus formed, and others were recruited." By a statute of 1703 Justices were to raise and levy such able-bodied men as had not any lawful calling or employment or visible means for their livelihood, to serve as soldiers, and to hand them over to the officers of Her Majesty's forces. By another statute of the same period, volunteers were invited and offered a bounty, while the power of impressment was continued. Thus a troublesome fellow who was advised by a neighbouring magistrate to volunteer to serve the Queen would find that advice equivalent to a command. A practice grew up by which trades-

men enlisted in the army to escape imprisonment for debt, and then obtained leave of absence to follow their business. In 1705 twenty-five tradesmen in London were enlisted in the Foot Guards and absent from duty. They were ordered to join the regiment in Flanders. By an Act of 1756 "known Papists" were exempt from impressment under it. This was an advantageous kind of religious disability. The expense of recruiting and some other charges were borne by what was called the "stock-purse" of the regiment. Soldiers were allowed to work at trades on furlough on condition of part of their earnings going to this stock-purse, and as long as that arrangement subsisted, officers did not find the working of their men at trades objectionable. In the year 1818, after our army of occupation had been withdrawn from Paris, the total strength of our army was under 81,000 men. The numbers have gradually increased, and since the Indian Mutiny our army has never been reduced below 200,000 men. This enlarged number of men has been thought to justify, if not to require, an altered method of administration from that which was in use prior to the Crimean war. The duties of the Commissariat were formerly discharged by gentlemen receiving their appointments from the Treasury, to whom they were directly responsible. Subsequently the Commissariat was transferred to the War Office. In lieu of entering the Treasury as clerks at the early age of sixteen, and being trained in financial and commercial duties under the Treasury, the Commissioners are now appointed from the commissioned officers of the army who have had two years' service, and are under twenty-five years of age. In like manner the Public Stores were held originally by the Board of Ordnance, and on the abolition of that department by the Secretary of State, acting through a staff of civil servants; but in 1861 commissions were given to those persons as officers of the Military Store Department. Other changes in the same direction have followed, and the civil departments of the army are now all combined under a single head. The evils of the old system were exhibited in the Crimean war. The evils of the new system are likely to be exhibited whenever this country again engages in a European war. The Abyssinian war, as we all know, was not managed by the War Office, and, therefore, it would be unfair to charge upon that department the enormous and uncontrolled outlay of which the House of Commons has been trying to investigate the causes. The author of these volumes is not favourable to the new system. He says that no man can administer the War Office, and if he said that Mr. Cardwell cannot we should be disposed to agree with him.

Under the Militia Act in operation at the breaking out of the French Revolutionary war, the force was to be raised by ballot or by the parish officers procuring volunteers at a bounty to be paid out of the rates. Invitations to volunteer from this militia into the regular army were largely responded to, but this system was not established without strong protests in Parliament. It was complained that the landowners were thus burdened with the expense of raising the militia, and afterwards deprived of the "permanent domestic protection" for which they had paid. On the renewal of the war after the peace of Amiens, the militia was raised at the minimum cost of 6*l.* per man in bounty, serving only in Great Britain, and, when serving, receiving the same pay as the regular army. As a tax it was personal and local, instead of being general and imperial, and it was levied with great inequality. The effect of the Militia Acts upon the recruiting of the regular forces was to raise the cost of it. If for five years' service at home any volunteer could secure 6*l.* bounty, and every substitute a higher and unlimited bounty, the best market for his labour was the militia. The market for recruits was disturbed by the competition of the parish officers for volunteers, the persons balloted for substitutes, and the recruiting-sergeant for the regular army. As war approached, fear induced persons to provide substitutes at any cost, and the cost was again increased as the requirements of the State for men became more urgent. The ballot was truly described as the parent of high bounties. The ballot, therefore, was for excellent reasons laid aside; but during the same war it was, for reasons still more excellent, resumed. In fact, our Government was driven to extremity to find men for the war, which it was nevertheless determined to carry on. If, said Lord Castlereagh, it was meant to have a *bona fide* addition to the amount of our military force, it was illusory to depend upon ordinary recruiting. The question was, what measures must be resorted to in order to raise the army to the standard to which circumstances imposed the necessity of its being raised. There must be some sort of compulsion, and none could be suggested unless in connexion with the ballot. There was in fact only the simple alternative of raising men by ballot for the army direct, or for the militia first, and then for the men to volunteer from the militia into the army. The Act introduced by Lord Castlereagh in 1807 differed from the earlier Acts by admitting the principle which has since been fully adopted—namely, that the militia should be raised at the expense of the whole community and not of a particular class, and out of imperial rather than local funds. It was hoped, said Lord Castlereagh, that when country gentlemen and militia colonels should find that the expense was to fall on the public, and not upon the counties, their local exertions would make the measure successful. This hope was justified by the result. During the remainder of the war the militia was recruited "by beat of drum" up to the required number, and it gave many good soldiers to the regular army. At the close of the war the militia was disembodied, and fell into decay. In 1834, Mr. Hume objected to an expense which was in his view

useless, and it was ultimately reduced to 83,000*l.* a year paid to the regimental staff. Thus the organization which had been created in time of war was, with our usual improvidence, destroyed in time of peace. But in 1852 a militia force was established of 30,000 men, to be raised by voluntary enlistment. This was the beginning of renewed attention to national defence. A few years later another part of the organization of the long war was revived in the Volunteers. The foundation of the present system may be said to have been laid in 1802, when Volunteers were encouraged to come forward by the offer of exemption from the militia. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is the true basis of the force, and, if this be adopted, it follows that a Volunteer corps ought to be at least as efficient as a Militia regiment. If these principles could be thoroughly carried out, the defence of the country would be to a great extent assured. The Prussians have maintained and improved down to the present time the organization which was forced upon them by the aggressive violence of the First Napoleon. We have almost forgotten the efforts which we made to preserve this country from the common fate of Continental nations, and therefore it may be well to remember that in 1803 an Act was passed "to enable His Majesty more effectually and speedily to exercise his ancient and undoubted prerogative in requiring military service of his liege subjects in case of the invasion of the realm." The members of existing Volunteer corps were exempted from this and similar Acts, and to obtain this exemption, or from other motives, 420,000 offers of voluntary service were received out of 500,000 persons liable to serve. The reasons for the Ministerial policy were well stated by Mr. Pitt, who was not at that time a Minister:—

I was formerly, and still am, of opinion that to a regular army alone, however superior, however excellent—that to the regular army, even aided by the militia, we ought not solely to trust; but that in a moment so eventful, in a crisis so full of danger, in a contest so singular in its character, and which perhaps may be tedious in its duration, we ought to superadd to the regular army some permanent system of national defence, either to a certain extent compulsory, or formed upon the voluntary zeal and patriotism of the country itself. This ought to be resorted to as the grand source of domestic security.

It would be difficult to find words more applicable to the possible condition of this country, except that, if we now became involved in a conflict, it might be less tedious than we could desire. Mr. Pitt was a bad guide of the nation's patriotic zeal, but he well knew how to call it forth. We may be sure that if he were living now he would not leave our defensive organization where it is. "War within the realm," as Mr. Clode quotes from a high authority, "would place all citizens upon a common footing, and the services of every adult man at the disposal of the Crown." It would be satisfactory to know that the Ministers of the Crown are prepared to employ usefully that service which they would be entitled to command. But we do not know this, and indeed we fear we must believe the contrary.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.*

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE'S account of Francis the First is a "study" in the sense in which that word is used in painting, rather than in history. Historically speaking, a study should be, short indeed and free from details, but yet complete in itself; it should contemplate the character of its subject on every side, with all its good and all its evil, all its greatness and all its littleness. This is just what Mr. Cochrane has neither done nor, apparently, attempted to do. He poses his principal figure in the most becoming attitude, throws the light on it with due care to bring out all its points of beauty, dashes in a vague background of tented fields and palace-halls, crowded with the forms of valiant knights and fair ladies; and then presents this pretty sketch to us as a portrait of Francis I. With laudable discretion the narrative stops abruptly at the deliverance of the King from his Spanish captivity, and the last Mr. Cochrane allows us to see of his hero is as he gallops off on his Turkish horse, with the joyous exclamation "I am yet a King!" In accordance with this picturesque method of treatment Francis is represented as well-nigh angelic, until the wicked world, personified by Charles the Fifth, corrupted him. "His faults and weaknesses," says our author, "sprang from a heart almost too tender and gentle for the rough usage of the world." We do not think it ever occurred before, even to the most ardent admirers of Francis, to describe him as too good for this world. "Of the earth, earthy," may be said of almost every one of his contemporaries, even of men much his superiors; and no amount of rhapsody about the spread of refinement and the progress of the fine arts will alter the fact that the Renaissance was a period of low morality, both public and private, which it was the fashion, in France at least, to cover with a thin varnish of religion and chivalry. When Pescara, in a fit of impatience, put a stop to the remonstrances of the Legate on the conduct of the Pontifical and Imperial army, by the dictum that "Mars and Christ are essentially at variance," he was, if less reverent, at any rate more honest than most men of his time. Our present author is full of admiration for the religious feeling displayed by Francis, and fairly goes into ecstasies over his entering a chapel after the battle of Pavia:—

The pious and resignation of the Sovereign, wounded and a prisoner, kneeling at the altar, the calm and repose of the chapel, after the din of the

* *Francis the First, and other Historic Studies.* By A. Baillie Cochrane. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

battle-field, formed a beautiful picture. Striking and deeply touching must have been the contrast—the stir and the tumult without, the stillness of the cloister within. The mind of Francis I., so richly endowed with sympathies, was peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. . . . The ambitious hopes of the morning, the sad reverse of the evening, might well impress a less earnest nature; but in all the events of his chequered life the King evinced deep religious convictions.

There is no ground for taxing Francis with hypocrisy; his religion was, without doubt, sincere as far as it went. But a religion which has such small effect on the life and conduct of him who professes it is not a peculiarly pleasant subject of contemplation. Indeed Mr. Cochrane has an unfortunate way of unintentionally directing notice to just those parts of his hero's character of which the less said the better; as witness the following elegantly turned passage, which only needs rhymes to make it worthy of a troubadour:—

But far beyond the influence of the sister arts on civilization, there was one influence to which the Renaissance is more indebted than to poet, painter, or sculptor—the influence of women. Courtiers might have been attired in all the splendour of barbaric pomp, their corslets inlaid with gold, their crests have glittered with precious stones; architects might have created galleries, painters ornamented their walls, and poets have described the glory of the whole, and still the mind have remained uncultivated, the manners rude and severe, as in earlier days, but for the appreciation Francis possessed of female merit. From his earliest infancy he had been educated and cherished by those who, amongst women, were the most womanly, amongst the gentlest the most gentle—by Louise de Savoie, his mother, and his sister Marguerite de Valois—“La Perle des Valois”—“La Perle des Perles,” who formed what Francis called the “Trinity of Love.” And to these was added in later days his devoted wife Madame Claude de France—who so patient and loving even when neglected. . . . These graceful natures rendered his home refined and happy; and he associated, as true natures ever will, the happiness of home with the influence of women.

As might be expected, Mr. Cochrane echoes the usual complaints of the French King's admirers, who often seem to demand as much consideration for their hero as a set of affectionate but plain sisters do for the beauty of the family. Charles the Fifth, having the misfortune to be the enemy of Francis, can never do what is right. He is accused of “consummate dissimulation” when he refuses to permit public rejoicings after the battle of Pavia—a moderation which, as Gaillard naively observes, might be hypocrisy, “mais cette hypocrisie étoit très-décente et digne d'un grand prince.” But when Charles goes forth from Toledo to meet his successful general we are told:—“It was at this time that the Emperor proved how little consideration he had for the King, by the reception which he gave to the Constable of Bourbon.” The difficulties of the situation being taken into account, it is not so easy to see how Charles could help himself. It is an awkward thing at the best to accept a traitor's services; but if they are accepted, it is impossible to avoid being civil to the traitor in return. Bourbon, however, fares well at Mr. Cochrane's hands, being styled “the greatest captain of France—indeed of any country and any age.” Undoubtedly the Constable's military genius was of a high order; but still it is rather startling to have him placed above Hannibal, Cæsar, or Napoleon. The position allowed him is in fact that which was claimed in the song of his own soldiers, excited by visions of plunder:—

Calla, calla, Julio Cesar, Anibal, y Scipion,
Viva la fama de Bourbon.

Little as there may now seem to us in Francis's character to attract a calm observer, and irritating as is the extravagant adulation constantly bestowed on him, it is useless to deny his merits altogether. Men's hearts are not won merely by a handsome face or an engaging manner; there must have been something more than this to gain such widespread love and admiration. The world is not a fool, and a man cannot leave a reputation for truth and chivalry behind him without having done something to deserve it. Even the fast friendship of the “Trinity of Love” goes far to prove the existence of some noble qualities in him who could give and receive such devoted affection.

We notice some pieces of careless translation here and there, as, for instance, in the following note on the battle of Marignano:—

This victory was attended by all those prophetic signs which in the Middle Ages superstition loved to conjure up. The anxiety of the devoted mother, then Regent, might well lead her to imagine visions. “Previous to the battle I knew that my son would gain a great victory over the Swiss. It was after supper, when residing at my wood of Romorantin, between seven and eight o'clock there appeared a wonderful vision in the sky; a luminous body like a comet arose in the west, and I was the first of the company present who saw it. I was seriously alarmed, and cried out aloud, when I heard a voice that said, ‘The Swiss! the Swiss! the Swiss!’” And again, on the eve of the great battle, at the same hour, there appeared in the sky flames of fire as long as lances, which seemed as if they would fall upon and destroy the houses.

In the first place, the words “previous to the battle” give a false impression of the time. The mother's anxiety began very early, for this vision is dated the 28th of August, 1514, four months before Francis's accession, and a year before the battle of Marignano. Furthermore, Louise does not say that she knew her son would gain a great victory. Her words are:—“Je commençay à prédire, par céleste prévision, que mon fils seroit une fois en grand affaire contre les Suisses.” “Residing at my wood of Romorantin” hardly translates “j'étois après souper en mon bois à Romorantin”; while the supernatural voice is an imagination of Mr. Cochrane's. It was her own voice that Louise heard:—“Ce ne fut sans avoir grand peur; car je m'écriai si hault que ma voix se pouvoit estendre, et ne disois autre chose sinon: Suisses! les Suisses! les Suisses!” Again, the flaming torch was not seen “on the eve of the great battle,” but “the same day”—“ce jour

mesme.” We presume it is by oversight that the often-quoted passage where Louise describes her young son's adventure with his runaway hackney is printed thus—“toutefois Dieu, protecteur des jeunes veuves et défenseur des orphelins, ne me voulut abandonner, cognoissant que si cas fortuit j'eusse été trop infortunée”; as the omitted words, “cognoissant que, si cas fortuit m'eust si soudainement privé de mon amour, j'eusse été trop infortunée,” are necessary to the sense. The restriction of the Divine protection to young widows is also not in the original, which has “femmes veuves.”

One of the most picturesque scenes in the Life of Francis is his taking of knighthood from the sword of Bayard, and Mr. Cochrane naturally dwells upon it, though he does not notice the curious fact that, while Champier and the Loyal Servant both place this ceremony after the battle, Fleurance says it was previous to it; an instance of the difficulty of obtaining an accurate account, even of things about which it would seem impossible to make a mistake. We are given the dialogue between the King and Bayard, in which the good knight displays a becoming reluctance to accept the honour offered him:—

Bayard replied: “Sire, the king of so great a kingdom is already a knight above all knights.”

“No,” replied the King, “it is as Sovereign I must be knighted. Execute my commands, like a good and faithful servant.”

Then Bayard struck the King on his back with his sword, and looking at his blade he said:

“Happy are you this day, oh! my sword, which have thus bestowed the honour of knighthood on so great a prince, who will certainly, good weapon, be above all others renowned and admired; and never again, O sword! shall you be drawn, except against Turks, or Saracens, or Moors!”

No authority is cited for this conversation, but we imagine the author to have followed Champier, and therefore we wonder he did not give, instead of the rather obscure sentence, “It is as Sovereign I must be knighted,” a literal version of the King's good-humoured rejoinder to the knight's objections:—“Bayard, despêchez-vous; il ne fault icy alléguer ne loix, ny canons, soient d'acier, cuyvre ou de fer; faictes mon vouloir et commandement, si voulez estre du nombre de mes bons serviteurs et subjects.” The force of Bayard's address to his sword is also somewhat lost; it is not the prince who will be above all others renowned and honoured, but the weapon:—“Certes, ma bonne espée, vous serez moult bien comme reliques gardée, et sur toute aultre honorée.”

Of Bayard's dying words to Bourbon there are divers versions, but we do not think the one here adopted is the best:—

“It is not me you should pity,” said the dying man. “Reserve your regrets for yourself. I die a noble death, but you, who are a Frenchman, and a member of the Blood Royal of France, you are dressed in the livery of Spain, and your sword is stained with the blood of your countrymen.”

This, it must be admitted, is better than the rigmarole about Themistocles, Coriolanus, and Cæsar, which is put into his mouth by Belcarius, with the solemn comment:—“Erat enim Baiardus bonis litteris tinctus.” But it lacks the stern simplicity of Du Bellay's version:—“Monsieur, il n'y a point de pitié en moy, car je meurs en homme de bien; mais j'ay pitié de vous, de vous veoir servir contre vostre prince, et vostre patrie, et vostre serment.”

Of the third study in this book, “The Flight of Varennes” there is not much to be said. It was perhaps imprudent to enter into competition with Mr. Carlyle, and, interesting as the subject is, Mr. Cochrane has managed to make it rather dull, and not a little confused. But the one with which the second volume opens, “The Council of Blood,” is to our mind the most successful of the three. The subject is not quite so well known as that of Francis; and Count Egmont, with his bravery and his ill-rewarded loyalty, his vanity and his almost childlike confidence that nobody really meant to hurt him, is a character whose very weaknesses command sympathy. We could wish that Mr. Cochrane had refrained from introducing such hacknied remarks as those which occur near the beginning of this essay:—

It is a question which may fairly be asked, were the great persecutors, Charles V., Philip II., Catharine de' Medici, or our own Queen Mary, naturally cruel? Did they persecute for the mere pleasure of giving pain? It is scarcely possible to imagine this to have been the case. . . . When we shudder at the sad scenes which desolated the Netherlands, at the cruel policy that repealed the Edict of Nantes, it is impossible not to believe that this policy had its origin in the blind love of that faith on which the persecutors founded all their hopes of the future. To the ardent Catholic, a heretic represented everything that was most repulsive to humanity—he was the embodiment of vice and evil, and he communicated that evil to others.

And so on, through another page of what we are strongly tempted to call twaddle, about religious enthusiasm and the blessings of toleration. It is only fair to Mr. Cochrane to say that he can write better than this, when he has something to describe. The following passage is a favourable specimen of his style:—

Egmont endeavoured to address a few words to the crowd, but his voice failed him; and the Bishop counselled him to let his thoughts dwell with God alone. He then gazed for a few moments on that beautiful square, on the quaint picturesque houses, and rich, mullioned windows, which, on other occasions, as on the present, had been filled with wondering observers—then to partake of and sympathize in his brilliant triumph, now to feed their hearts stricken with the same blow that was to deaden his own for ever. As he received from the Bishop the last absolution, not a sound was heard from the dense and awe-struck masses. After the absolution, Egmont removed his rich velvet mantle, and the insignia of that order of chivalry—the Golden Fleece—whose privileges were now to be so flagrantly outraged. He then knelt on a black velvet cushion, the Grand Provost waved his red wand, and the fatal blow was struck.

Here we conclude our notice of these "Historic Studies," which, though of the very slightest, and belonging emphatically to that class of literature familiarly known as "Mudie History," are at any rate always readable and often interesting.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the political or administrative institutions of America none is entitled to higher credit, whether for the thorough efficiency of its organization or the benevolence of its purpose, than the Board of Immigration Commissioners of the State of New York. We may observe, by the way, that the habits of conversation, and perhaps the tendency to adopt the phraseology of the Mother-country and of the persons chiefly concerned, have been too strong for grammatical propriety and for the natural disposition of every people to speak of foreign things and persons from their own standpoint; so that the English, German, Irish, and other settlers whose influx has during the last five-and-twenty years contributed so largely to the population and the wealth of America are almost universally described, even in official documents, as "emigrants," and not immigrants. Up to 1847 the stream of European colonists, though steady and considerable, was not of sufficient magnitude to attract the attention of rulers and politicians; and the new-comers were left to the mercy of shippers and sea-captains on their voyage, and of touts, runners, and boarding-house keepers on their arrival, and were brutally maltreated by the former and outrageously fleeced by the latter, without the slightest interference on the part of the public authorities. Individual benevolence made not a few efforts to expose the scandals of the system or to rescue the victims, and with some occasional success; but on the whole the trade of those who lived upon the ignorance and helplessness of the emigrants was a thriving one, and the poor creatures who sought a new home in the West were cooped up on shipboard in quarters scarcely less loathsome than those of a slave-ship, and the survivors, on their arrival, rarely escaped from the hands of the plunderers who lay in wait for them on shore, till they were stripped of every dollar they possessed, and thrown destitute on the charity of New York, deprived of the money they had saved, and often paid in advance, for their conveyance to the agricultural settlements in the interior. The work before us*—a semi-official history of the subject by an active member of the Commission—gives abundant details of the horrors of the voyage and the shameless oppression practised on the sufferers after landing. The descriptions of emigrant ships, taken from the statements of eye-witnesses, mostly given on oath before Committees or Commissions of Inquiry, bear out the worst charges made against the shipowners and their officers, and are simply too horrible to be quoted or abridged. It is enough to say that the vessels engaged in this traffic were too generally worn-out merchantmen, no longer fit for the more lucrative conveyance of dead freight; that the passengers were crowded together in them without limit, and that no provision was made for ventilation, for cleanliness, for decency, or for a proper supply of food or water. Those who have any knowledge of the care required to preserve anything like health or comfort among collected masses of human beings may easily imagine the state in which a cargo of some hundreds of utterly ignorant creatures, rendered doubly helpless by seasickness, was landed at New York after a voyage of from six to ten weeks; and will not be surprised to learn that the mortality sometimes ranged from ten to fifty per cent. The system of course utterly broke down under the pressure of the Irish exodus; and the scandal and suffering were so frightful that both the English and American authorities interposed to put the trade under regulation. The Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of New York had a long and arduous struggle with the mass of ruffians and rowdies engaged in the business of cheating and plundering the emigrants; and it was not till 1855 that they fairly succeeded in obtaining an absolute control of the traffic, in organizing their own establishment for the reception of emigrants, and obliging all ships to land their human cargoes at Castle Garden, under the eye and control of the Commission. Since that time the work has been comparatively smooth and easy. The touts and crimps, after a vain attempt to bully and intimidate the officers of the Commission and the emigrants under their care, have at last almost disappeared; and the emigrant on his landing is immediately taken in charge of a public department, which explains to him all that he seeks to know, points out the route to his destination, transfers himself and his luggage to the care of the agents of the railroad or steamboats by which he is to travel, takes charge of remittances from his friends, provides for the sick and destitute, and has established a labour exchange, where workmen and servants may be at once engaged by employers in quest of labour. The completeness and simplicity of the organization by which so vast a business is so easily and satisfactorily managed, the arrangements by which all trouble and perplexity are saved to the emigrant, and his helplessness protected from native knavery, are well explained in the pages before us. The benevolent efforts thus made have no doubt their reward in contributing to render New York the most attractive and convenient of all ports to adventurers in search of a new home, and

thus diverting to the United States more than their share of that stream of European energy and enterprise which is destined to fertilize the American and Australian continents.

Another interesting document, more distinctly official, is the Report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue* on the Industry and Commerce of the United States for the Year 1869. The most significant portions of the Report are those which deal with the condition and prospects of the South since the war, and compare the present financial and industrial position of the Union with that of 1860. The Commissioner has, of course, his flourish on the wickedness of slavery, and the good fortune of the South in being delivered from it. He affirms that she is rapidly retrieving her losses, and it is no doubt true that the production of her great staples is steadily and considerably increasing, though still far short of what it was in 1860. But the most valuable evidence furnished by a report so manifestly biased by a partisan spirit is that of its unintentional or reluctant admissions; and from these we gather, first, that the labour available for the cultivation of cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, &c., is declining, and has declined; that it was found at first almost impossible to induce the freedmen to work honestly and steadily for wages, and that even now the supply of labour falls far short of the present demand, as well as of its past amount; and next, that emigration totally fails to supply the South with the only kind of labour suited to the development of her chief resources—the labour of men willing to work in masses on the plantations. In short, this Report, like all other authoritative testimony we have seen, indicates that the negroes will not work faithfully or regularly, and that white labour is not available for the Southern staples; so that, if the South is to be restored at all, it must be by that influx of Coolie industry which a powerful party in the North is striving to prevent. The Commissioner also contradicts the general impression that the wealth of the Union has enormously increased since 1860. His estimate shows a loss of some fifteen hundred millions sterling by the war, and a present amount of accumulated wealth hardly, if at all, greater than that revealed by the last census. He quotes also a considerable amount of evidence to show that trade-unions, strikes, and short-time agitation have done much to demoralize the industry of the North, and that, except in agriculture, the productive power of the country is seriously affected by the diminished willingness, energy, and fidelity of hired labourers.

Another official publication is a Report on the Public Schools of St. Louis†, in which may be found a tolerably complete and not uninteresting account of the entire educational organization of that city, from the primary schools up to the High School, in which the highest instruction necessary to prepare youths for the State Colleges is afforded, and the Normal School, wherein the mistresses required for the primary schools are trained, and in which the influence of defective discipline and perverted notions about female character and application are, according to the Report, already apparent.

A treatise on American Colleges‡ vindicates very ably, and with a thoroughness of treatment that argues a complete study of the subject in all its bearings, as well as a long and profound practical experience, the value of classical studies as the foundation of all true culture and high education. The author's argument is that college teaching cannot and ought not to be professional, but disciplinary; that its object is to train the mind to the highest possible degree of capacity, not to qualify the student for this or that special occupation; and that, accordingly, the fitness of a fundamental course of study must be judged by its disciplinary tendency, and not by its immediate utility. He then proceeds at some length, and with a clearness of thought and a direct practical knowledge which only experience could give, and which all men of experience will recognise and respect, to maintain that Latin and Greek possess this disciplinary quality in a high degree; that modern languages are far less valuable in this respect, and physical science altogether unfit to be made the main instrument of mental cultivation and intellectual training; while he urges with some force that mathematics, on which the advocates of utility lay so much stress, have, save for their disciplinary value, scarcely so much direct utility as the classics. The rest of the volume—a small one—is occupied with criticisms on the curriculum of various American Colleges, which would be more acceptable if they were not so intricately mixed up with the more general and theoretical argument.

An anonymous Reply to Mr. Mill on the "Subjection of Women"§ is decidedly clever, and distinguished by a firm grasp of the subject and a clear perception of the weak points of the great theorist's reasoning—his profound contempt for the teachings of experience, and his disposition to assume that human nature, if fairly and freely developed, would be the exact opposite of that which it has become under the influence of institutions which, after all, human nature itself has produced. The writer has also

* Report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue upon the Industry, Trade, Commerce, &c. of the United States for the Year 1869. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

† Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools for the Year ending August 1, 1869. St. Louis (Missouri): Democrat Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ The American Colleges and the American Public. By Noah Porter, D.D., Professor in Yale College. Newhaven (Conn.): Chatfield & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

§ A Reply to John Stuart Mill on the Subjection of Women. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

* Immigration and the Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York. By Friedrich Kapp, One of the said Commissioners. New York: the Nation Press. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

a keen appreciation of the absurdities contained in Mr. Mill's position—above all, of that ludicrous exaggeration of the actual subjection of women which magnifies and distorts legal subordination into practical slavery—and a quick insight into the contradictions involved in some of his arguments. Unfortunately his skill as a writer is by no means equal to his keenness as a controversialist; and his absolute ignorance of Mr. Mill's character, history, and reputation betrays him not only into an offensive exhibition of contempt for one whom, with all his eccentricities, every thinker respects, but into some laughably incorrect assumptions as to the personal nature and experience of his opponent. In a word, the American has very much the best of the argument; but he uses his advantage so ill that his book—which is by no means the worst we have seen on the subject—will hardly have any weight as a contribution to the controversy.

A description of Wall Street*—the American Stock Exchange—could hardly be so ill-written as not to contain much curious and interesting matter, and might easily, in the hands of a really clever and practised writer, command a very considerable if ephemeral popularity. The freedom with which American usage allows an author to handle the names, the characters, and the conduct of living men, vicious and mischievous as on the whole we consider it, adds of course very much to the liveliness and spirit of such sketches of the more striking scenes of a complicated and varied social system; the painter being at liberty not only to introduce real portraits, and anecdotes true or claiming to be true, but to label them with the names of men already notorious. The reader will therefore take up Mr. Medbery's little volume with curiosity and interest; and if he should lay it down in some disappointment, it will nevertheless have afforded him a good deal of amusement by the way, and will leave on his mind recollections sufficiently lively to render Wall Street for the future less of an abstraction and more of a reality to his imagination. Perhaps the chief fault of the book lies in the explanations with which it is overloaded. If it were to be readable and amusing, these should have been sparingly introduced, and should have been as terse and clear as possible; as it is, they are long, numerous, and technical, and require a greater amount of study than the ordinary reader is willing to give to such a subject. We may add that, entertaining as are the histories of celebrated "Corners" and other Stock Exchange frauds with which the book is interspersed, there is something offensive to an English taste in the perfect moral indifference with which the grossest villanies are related, as if they formed an ordinary and accepted feature of business life, and in the evident sympathy with remarkable cleverness which causes the author too often to present swindlers almost in the light of heroes.

A popular treatise on the American system of Government, by Mr. Ezra Seaman†, is rather of a practical than of a technical character; and while it explains briefly and simply the main principles and most important provisions of the Federal Constitution and of the State Government, dwells at greater length on their actual working and results. Like almost all modern American writers, the author bears emphatic testimony to the decay of American statesmanship, the corruption which pervades every department of public life, and the utter demoralization which party spirit unchecked by a common patriotism or a high sense of public duty and personal honour has introduced into the sphere of politics. The universality of such admissions is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of American political literature; we know not whether to count it as an augury of probable reaction, or as evidence of a general acquiescence in the present state of political morals which must render all immediate reform hopeless. Mr. Seaman's work is readable and simple, and likely to be of service in enabling the general English reader to form a sufficiently distinct idea of the outlines of American polity, and in correcting the gross misconceptions which the panegyrics lavished by a certain school of writers and orators upon American institutions have diffused among their disciples, and which present so signal a contrast to the all but unanimous testimony of native authorities.

A very full and able essay on the Law of Domestic Relations‡, by Mr. James Schouler, of the Massachusetts Bar, may be read with interest by English lawyers, and by many non-professional students, as illustrating forcibly the original dependence of American law on the Common Law of England, and the close relation which still subsists between them, as well as the direction in which and the extent to which the former has departed from its first source, and the divergence produced by the different ideas and circumstances of the two countries in the development of principles common to both alike. On the whole, the unprofessional reader will probably be surprised to find how very much of English theory and English practice the older States at least have retained, and how few traces of the new-fangled notions of recent

years upon domestic relations are perceptible in the statute-books of New England.

*Life in the Holy Land** is the title of an elaborate work on the most remarkable scenes and personages of Scripture, from Egypt to Tyre, and from Abraham to the Apostles. The author's object appears to be to illustrate the past by the present; the Scriptural records by the descriptions of modern travellers, and the discoveries of Oriental antiquaries and explorers; to exhibit Scriptural personages in their true relation to the ordinary life of the East—the Patriarchs as Arab chieftains; Moses as the hero and deliverer of a type well-known to Asiatic history, and by which that history has been so repeatedly and so largely moulded; Solomon as the Oriental monarch, absolute, splendid, and luxurious. Many of the most remarkable places of the sacred history form the subjects of separate chapters, in which ancient as well as modern descriptions of the site and surrounding scenery are incorporated; and the work is illustrated by several interesting and well-executed engravings. The author is evidently much indebted to Dean Stanley, and to other recent English and German writers; and his work is in a considerable measure an attempt to adapt their views and materials to the feelings of popular orthodoxy.

Dr. Cocker, Professor in the University of Michigan, an institution generally regarded in the States as the most advanced representative of modern ideas and of educational Radicalism, publishes a volume of five hundred closely printed pages on the relations between Christianity and Greek philosophy; not, as might be expected from the title, on the supposed influence of Platonism on the post-Apostolic theology of the Church, but rather on the degree in which philosophy had prepared the Greek mind for the reception of a true religion, and the amount of substantial truth and real reverence which underlay the mythological corruptions and superstitious usages of Athenian polytheism. The latter part of the work is occupied with a careful account of all that is known of the earlier, and a general view of the moral and cosmogonical speculations of the later, schools of Greek philosophy; the general object being to show the deep dissatisfaction with vulgar polytheism, and the yearning after a truer and purer faith, which animated their inquiries, and which the doctrines of the nobler schools at least were calculated to diffuse. The writer's views are not quite in accordance with generally received ideas as to the state and tendencies of the heathen world in the first century; but, making allowance for its peculiar bias, the work will doubtless be of use to many of the Professor's pupils, and to others who may not have leisure or desire to study the whole subject at first hand, as a general sketch of the philosophic schools which were for two or three centuries the chief antagonists of the infant Church.

Messrs. Appleton of New York publish two more of their well-known guide-books—the larger a general guide to the principal towns and watering-places, the most popular scenery, and most noted localities of the North-Eastern States and Canada; the smaller a pocket volume of skeleton tours in the British Isles, Scandinavia, Russia, and Spain§, a somewhat curious collocation of countries, due probably to the accidents of the author's individual experience.

The *Grey-bay Mare*|| is the first of a collection of comic stories, illustrative of various peculiarities of Yankee and Western humour or absurdity, by Henry P. Leland—a volume which is hardly worth reading through, but will repay judicious dipping with two or three hearty laughs. The *Spencers*¶ is a religious tale, by a well-known New York clergyman. The *Elm Island Stories*** is one of those books of boy-life which are almost peculiar to New England—books which take up that life from a real and practical point of view, and describe American boys as they are or may be; but yet find room for such displays of industry and ingenuity, of mechanical skill, courage, and adventure, as fairly rival the impossible exploits attributed to the boy-heroes of less wholesome and more romantic fictions, and are doubly interesting to boys

* *Life in the Holy Land through Four Thousand Years. Remarkable Characters and Places in the Holy Land, Comprising an Account of Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, &c. &c., with Descriptions of Ancient Cities and Venerated Shrines.* By Charles W. Elliot, Author of the "New England History," &c. With Articles by Theodore D. Woolsey, LL.D., Rev. J. Cummings, D.D., Rev. H. Ward Beecher, &c. &c. Illustrated with Steel Engravings. Hartford (Conn.): Burr & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

† *Christianity and Greek Philosophy; or, the Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Teaching of Christ and His Apostles.* By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

‡ *Appleton's Handbook of American Travel. Northern and Eastern Tours.* With Maps and Skeleton Tours, arranged as Suggestions and Guides to the Traveller. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

§ *Skeleton Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain, with various Ways of getting from Place to Place, Time occupied, &c. &c.* By H. Winthrop Sargent. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

|| *The Grey-bay Mare, and other Humorous American Sketches.* By Henry P. Leland. With Numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

¶ *The Spencers: a Story of Home Influence.* By Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York. New York: American Tract Society. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

** *Elm Island Stories.* By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Sheppard. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

* *Men and Mysteries of Wall Street.* By James K. Medbery. With Original Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *The American System of Government: its Character and Working; its Defects and Outside Party Machinery and Influences, and the Prosperity of the People under its Protection.* By Ezra C. Seaman, Counsellor-at-Law, Author of "Essays on the Progress of Nations." New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

‡ *A Treatise on the Law of the Domestic Relations; embracing Husband and Wife, Parent and Child, Guardian and Ward, Infancy, and Master and Servant.* By James Schouler, of the Boston Bar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

because they relate facts which the reader can believe—difficulties, troubles, and triumphs in which he can practically sympathize. The tale of the building of the *West Wind*, and the amusing catastrophe of her fate, is more readable, as well as ten times more healthy reading, than the trashy romances of which our juvenile book-shops are full, and the penny journals devoted to the boys of England that load the newsvendors' counters.

A Chaplet of Leaves has all the grace and feeling that distinguish so many scores of volumes of verse written by thoughtful and loving women; and, like so many others, it lacks the power and substance that raise one volume here and there above the dead level of pleasant, meritorious mediocrity. The melancholy tone that pervades nearly all these lyrics is naturally explained by the dedication to the memory of one who fell "for his country," in the swamps of Georgia; and the same consideration may excuse the wanton insults bestowed on others who died there, defending the homes and farms which "Jeanie G.'s" hero helped to plunder and to burn.

A Chaplet of Leaves. By Jeanie G. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsvendor, on the day of publication.

We beg leave to state that on and after the 1st of October the postage of the SATURDAY REVIEW to any part of the United Kingdom will be reduced to One Halfpenny per Copy, and that the Impressed Postage Stamp will from that date be discontinued. The usual facilities, however, for procuring Copies of the Paper at all the Railway Book Stalls, as well as of the local Newsvendors throughout the Kingdom (at 6d. per Copy), will remain as before. In Towns and neighbourhoods to which there is no easy access by Railway, and in cases where there is no Railway Book Stall available, the Publisher will be happy to answer inquiries respecting the Terms of a Half-yearly or Yearly Subscription for sending the Paper by post direct from London.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Now ready, VOLUME XXIX, bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 774, AUGUST 27, 1870:

The Neutral Powers. The War. The Political Situation in France. England and the Belligerents. Secured Neutrality. Railway Affairs. Defensive Organization. Italy and Germany. The War of 1870.

Compensations. Rogersland. Something to Worry. The Moral Effect of the War. The Record of the Vatican Council. Cottage Hospitals. The London School Board. Major Sladen's Journey to Western China.

Huxley's Lay Sermons and Essays. Higher Law. Burton's History of Scotland. Sylvester's Laws of Verse. Diderot on the Blind. Clode's Military Forces of the Crown. Francis the First. American Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 773, AUGUST 20, 1870:

The War—The Neutral Powers—Alsace—Ready, are Ready—Irish Sympathies with France—The Interregnum in France—The Chinese in the United States—The War of 1870.

Jealousy—Fiford Graves—National Defence—Shakespeare on Beauty—The Infallible Definition and its Results—*Sutor ultra Crepidam*—Doing Nothing—Correspondents and Spies—Felonious Killing.

Lubbock's Primitive Condition of Man—Dindorf's Clement of Alexandria—Olliphant's Piccadilly—Clode's Military Forces of the Crown—The Debate between the English and French Heralds—The Races of the North-West Provinces of India—How to Tell a Caxton—Adams on the Geology of Malta—Petronel—German Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MORALITY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI," &c.) To the 25th.—Admission, 1s.

NO. 71 CORNHILL. FORTUNY'S LAST GRAND PAINTING. "THE MAZARIN LIBRARY." T. MCLEAN has the honour of informing Collectors of Works of Art that this splendid DRAWING will be ON VIEW as above, for a few days, on presentation of Address Card.

BRITISH MUSEUM. THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 14th of September, 1870. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 13th of September, inclusive.

British Museum, August 26, 1870. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, temporarily at NEWINGTON, SURREY, S.E., pending the completion of the New Hospital on the Albert Embankment, Westminster Bridge, which will be opened in 1871. THE MEDICAL SESSION for 1870 and 1871 will commence on Saturday, October 1, 1870, when the GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. GERVAS, at Two o'clock P.M., after which the DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES will take place. Gentlemen entering have the option of paying £40 for the first year, a similar sum for the second, and £10 for each succeeding year; or, by paying £30 at once, of becoming Perpetual Students.

MEDICAL OFFICERS. Honorary Consulting Physicians—Dr. Barker and Dr. J. Blizard Bennett. Dr. Peacock, Dr. Bristowe, Dr. Clapton, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Solly, Mr. A. G. Clark, Mr. Simon, Mr. Whitfield, Dr. Gervais, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. J. Croft. Medical Officers—Dr. Barker and Dr. Peacock. Surgeons—Mr. Solly and Mr. A. G. Clark. Physicians—Dr. Bristowe and Dr. Ord. Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Sydney Jones. Anatomy as the Dissecting Room—Mr. Baily, Mr. J. Croft, and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Dr. Albert J. Barnes. Midwifery—Dr. Barnes. General Pathology—Dr. Bristowe. Comparative Anatomy—Dr. Ord. Materia Medica—Dr. Clapton. Forensic Medicine—Dr. Stone and Dr. Gervais. Botany—Dr. A. Wale Hiles. Pharmacology—Dr. Gervais. Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. Sydney Jones. Dental Surgery—Mr. Elliott. Pathological Chemistry—Dr. Abulghalam. Mental Diseases—Dr. Wm. Rigby Williams. Microscopical Anatomy—Mr. Baily. Demonstrations of Herbarium—Dr. J. Lees.

For Entrance or Prospectus, and for information relating to Prizes and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE. THE WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 2. Students can reside within the Hospital walls subject to the College regulations. For all Particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College; or at the Museum, or Library. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES. Directors—Sir RODERICK DREW MURCHISON, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., &c.

During the Twentieth Session 1870-71, which will commence on October 10, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry—By E. Frankland, Ph.D., F.R.S. 2. Metallurgy—By John Perry, M.D., F.R.S. 3. Mineralogy—By T. H. Barker, Ph.D., F.R.S. 4. Mining—By A. C. Benson, LL.D., F.R.S. 5. Geology—By T. M. Gordon, M.A., F.R.S. 6. Applied Mechanics—By T. M. Gordon, M.A., F.R.S. 7. Physics—By Frederick Guthrie, B.A., Ph.D. 8. Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by the Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two Annual Payments of £15, exclusive of the Laboratories.

Students are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Frankland, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Perry.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Customs, Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices. Confirmed Schoolmasters, Pupils, Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

The Royal Highness the Prince of Wales grants Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established by Government. For a Prospectus and Information apply to the Registrar, Royal School of Mines, Jernyn Street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

EDINBURGH MERCHANT COMPANY SCHOOLS.

GEORGE WATSON'S COLLEGE-SCHOOLS.

THE EDINBURGH EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION.

DANIEL STEWART'S INSTITUTION.

JAMES GILLESPIE'S SCHOOLS.

A further roll of PUPILS will be made up on Monday, September 5, and Parents and Guardians who think of sending Children to these Institutions should, in order to prevent disappointment, call with them, as soon as convenient, on the Head-Masters, who will attend in the Institutions daily, between Three and Five o'clock Afternoon.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

(Established 1867.)

The NEW BUILDINGS (standing within their own Grounds of Seven Acres) will be OPENED in January next.

President.

His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, &c. &c.

Head-Master.

The Rev. THOMPSON PODMORE, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, September 22.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, Major GARRARD, Eastbourne.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

(By the Seaside and Sussex Downs.)

MILITARY and CIVIL DEPARTMENT.

This Department, in addition to preparation for the above Services, furnishes the means of a sound General Education to BOYS not intended for the Universities.

F. T. GARRARD, Secretary.

TRINITY COLLEGE, EASTBOURNE.

Master—Rev. JAMES R. WOOD, M.A.

Assisted by the whole of the original Staff of the "Eastbourne College."

TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, worth £50 a year to a Boarder in any of the three Boarding-Houses, are offered for Competition in September.

The Autumn Term commences on September 22.

Apply to the Rev. JAMES R. WOOD, Trinity Lodge, Grand Parade.

OWENS COLLEGE, Manchester.—PROFESSORSHIP of

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—The Trustees propose to ELECT a SECOND PROFESSOR of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, as Conductor to Professor BALFOUR PHILLIPS, F.R.S. The Professor will share with Dr. STEWART the instruction of the Natural Philosophy Class (Mathematical and Experimental) and the conduct of the Physical Laboratory.

Further information will be given on application to the PRINCIPAL, but it is requested that the Trustees may not be addressed individually.

It is hoped that the new Professor will be able to enter on his duties not later than January 1, 1871.

Candidates are requested to send in Applications, stating Age, Academic Degree, and general Qualifications, accompanied by Testimonials, to "The Trustees of Owens College," under cover to the Registrar, on or before September 1st next.

J. G. GREENWOOD, Principal.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

In December next
FOUR OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, Two Classical, two Mathematical, will be competed for, tenable only in the Boarding-Houses, each of the value of £50, and, if required, a free Nomination.
These Scholarships are tenable for One Year, but the holders are eligible for future Scholarships if under the limit of age.
Candidates must have been Members of the School for not less than one Term, and must not on the 1st of December have exceeded their Fourteenth year.
The Next Term will commence on Saturday, September 21. For further information apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—Dr. BEHR prepares BOYS for SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS at Winchester, Eton, and other Public Schools. One of Dr. Behr's Pupils (Mr. W. H. Bird) obtained the first place among 150 Competitors at the recent Winchester Election, July 1870. Special Classes are arranged for Boys preparing for various Examinations. For full Particulars and names of Successful Pupils, apply to Dr. BEHR, the Grange, Ewell, Surrey.

NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for LADIES.
13 and 14 Camden Street.—SEVENTY-EIGHT PUPILS from this School have passed the Cambridge Local Examinations, Twenty-one with Honours. Particulars supplied on application. The NEXT TERM will begin on Wednesday, September 14.

BLACKHEATH PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

Principal.—Rev. JOHN KEMP THORNE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Second and Mathematical Master.—Rev. R. J. FRANK, M.A., late Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.
Assistant-Masters.—Mr. T. BATSON, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.—Mr. ALFRED TUCKER, Magdalen College, Cambridge.—Mr. E. E. SUTTON, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin.—Mr. W. H. BURGESS, B.A., Queen's College, Oxford.—Mr. JOHN AULD.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.
Head-Master.—Rev. J. MORGAN, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin.
Instructors in Physical Science, Chemistry, Fortifications, &c.—Rev. H. M. HART, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.—Mr. M. SHUTTICK, B.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge.
Sanskrit and Greek.—Rev. GEORGE SMITH, M.A., Edinburgh.
English and Writing Master.—Mr. H. EARLAND.
French Master.—Mr. E. SUTHER, Mr. F. OSLANDER, B.D.
German Master.—Mr. F. OSLANDER, B.D.
Drawing Master.—Mr. W. CLIFTON, Mr. JOHN AULD, Jun.
Geometrical Drawing Master.—Mr. W. WOLFFRAM.

Exhibitions of £50 each, tenable for Three Years, are awarded every year to Pupils proceeding to the Universities.
Classical and Mathematical Scholarships of £10 are also awarded every year; and also Three Boarding-house Scholarships, to be competed for under certain regulations on entering the School.

The next Term commences Thursday, September 8.
Particulars as to the mode of Admission, Terms, Boarding-Houses, &c. may be obtained on application to the PRINCIPAL; or by letter to the Secretary, J. E. PANTER, Esq., Proprietor, Blackheath, London, S.E.

HARROW PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Head-Master.—The Rev. C. H. TANDY, M.A.
ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS tenable in the Public School.
BOYS are also prepared for Eton, Winchester, Rugby, &c.
The School will re-assemble on Friday, September 2.

PREPARATION for PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, of Exeter College, Oxford, and Minor Canon of Bristol Cathedral, wishes to take ONE or TWO PUPILS to prepare for Scholarships at Public Schools. He would be specially glad to undertake those who wish to be educated in Singing, with a view to the Choral Scholarships now offered at Radley, Tenbury, and other Schools. Terms according to age. References given and required.—Apply, the Rev. E. B. BRACKENBURY, 43 Queen Square, Bristol.

THE HARTLEY INSTITUTION, SOUTHAMPTON.

In the ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT Youth are trained for Engineering in all its Branches, and for the Public Works, Forest and Telegraphic Services of India, by a Complete Course of Theoretical and Practical Instruction. In the DEPARTMENT of GENERAL LITERATURE Students are specially prepared for the Home and Indian Civil Services, Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c.—For Prospectus, apply to the PRINCIPAL.

CROOM'S HILL SCHOOL, Blackheath, near London.

Principal.—Rev. T. GOODWIN, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
A Prospectus will be forwarded on application, giving full particulars of the Curriculum of Studies, Terms, Arrangements of the Establishment, &c. &c., with an account of the distinguished success of the Pupils in the Public Examinations of the last Ten years, and extracts from the testimony of the Parents of former and present Pupils as to the worth of the School.

MILITARY EDUCATION.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe, prepares PUPILS for Woolwich, Sandhurst, Direct Commissions, &c.—Address, Bromsgrove House, Croydon.

EDUCATION.—FRENCH.—Mr. H. WALL, French Master (Cl. Sch.), The College, Brighton, takes a few BOARDERS, who can, or not, join the College and be subject to its Rules. The power of Speaking, &c. assured, without interruption to other work. References to Parents (Glasgow, &c.) of Pupils.

FRENCH, thorough GERMAN, CLASSICS, and MATHEMATICS.—The RECTOR (Married) of a small Country Parish, Graduate of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, and old Public Schoolman, who takes Three PUPILS, has ONE VACANCY. He has been much on the Continent, and in addition to the usual Classical and Mathematical Subjects offers French and thorough German, a superior Home, and, to those Pupils whose Parents desire it, some Shooting and Fishing. Terms (inclusive) from £180 to £200.—Address, Rev. H. R. L., Holdgate Rectory, Much Wenlock, Salop.

EDUCATION in SWITZERLAND.—MODERN LANGUAGES, highest CLASSICS, and MATHEMATICS.—In the beginning of October the well-known INSTITUTION DELESSERT will be transferred to more spacious Premises beautifully situated on the banks of the Lake at LA TOUR, near Yveroy. Highest references.—Apply for further particulars, until October 1, to Professor DELESSERT, Château de Lutry, Yveroy, Switzerland.

PRIVATE TUITION.—A NOBLEMAN'S CHAPLAIN receives TWO or THREE PUPILS, to prepare for the Universities or Public Schools. High-class References.—Address, THE VICAR, Ingleby Greenhow, Northallerton.

CIVIL SERVICE, INDIAN TELEGRAPH, and MILITARY EXAMINATIONS.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic"), assisted by a Gentleman in the War Office, and other qualified Tutor, prepares CANDIDATES for all Departments.—Address, 15 Beaufort Buildings, Strand, or South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and References on application.

BLACKHEATH.—A CLERGYMAN, having great Educational experience in England and in India, receives FOUR PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools or otherwise. Terms, Sixty Guineas per annum. Private Lessons can be given in Bengalee (thorough), and Sanscrit (elementary), &c.—Address, M.B., Messrs. Davis & Son, Law Bookellers, 57 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

A PARISIAN LADY wishes for a SITUATION in a Family of distinction. She is a Protestant of very high principle, and one in whom every trust may be placed, as her Testimonials from the noble German Families in which she has lived will show. She would undertake the Education of YOUNG LADIES from the ages of Ten and Twelve. She has passed the Examination of Governess in Paris, and is competent to teach History, Geography, and French Literature thoroughly. She has a perfect knowledge of English, and is well acquainted with German. Has also some knowledge of Italian and Music.—Application to be made to Professor GRUBER, 30 Prager Strasse, Dresden.

LONDON LETTER, &c.—AN EXPERIENCED JOURNALIST, Editor of a Popular Periodical, is open to write a LONDON LETTER, full of Special Information, for a first-class Provincial Paper.—Apply to H. H., care of Messrs. J. Burbridge & Co., Advertising Agents, 33A Moorgate Street, London.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED by a GENTLEMAN recently Pensioned after a lengthened Service in one of the principal Government Offices, where he had great experience in the audit of complex Accounts. Having no time, his own disposal, and being desirous of improving his income, the Advertiser seeks some suitable EMPLOY, and can produce reliable Testimonials as to his general qualifications for any position where business habits, scrupulous care, mature judgment, and strict integrity are required.—Address, F. P., Post Office, Elizabeth Terrace, Chelsea Park, N.W.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, Sudbrook Park, Richmond the Premises.

HILL, S.W. Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A. M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND under the LAND ACT of 1868, and the IMMIGRATION ACT of 1869. Land acquired on easy Terms. Assisted and Free Passages. Information and particulars to be obtained on application.

JOHN DOUGLAS, Agent-General.
Queensland Government Offices, 33 Charing Cross (Removed from 2 Old Broad Street).

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Delightfully located on the margin of the Sea, and accessible from all parts by London and South-Western Railway, and Barnstaple; and by Great Western, Midland, and Bristol and Exeter Railways, via Fordingham. Address, J. BONS, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing reputation. Spacious Coffee Room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Families received at moderate Contract Charge by the Week.—Communications to "THE MANAGER," Bedford Hotel Company, Limited.

TRAVELLERS and EXPEDITIONS.—The most Commodious, Light, and Useful TENTS for Travellers, Sportsmen, and Expeditions are to be obtained at BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S, 1 Duke Street, London Bridge, and Fortified Address, J. BONS, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

DRESSING BAGS and DRESSING CASES, Despatch Boxes, Tourists' Writing Cases, Jewellery Cases, Writing Desks, Furlan Productions, Library Sets in Medieval and Leather, Albums, Cases of fine Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, Table Knives, the Magic Razor Strip and Paste, at MEECH'S, 113 Regent Street, W. Illustrated Catalogues post free. Established 1827. City Prices charged for Cash. N.B.—Mr. MEECH attends personally daily, assisted by his Son.

THE SHOOTING SEASON, 1870.—MAPPIN & WEBB'S WICKER BASKETS and OAK CHESTS, fitted with all requisites, Spoons, Forks, &c., Table Knives, Articles for Dinner and Tea, &c., are now ready for immediate Delivery, and should be seen by all GENTLEMEN proceeding to their SHOOTING BOXES.

LIST OF PRICES:		WICKER BASKETS.	
CHESTS.			
1st Size	For One Person's Use	£5 5 0	No. 0. £20 10 0
2nd Size	For Two Persons' Use	8 5 0	" 1. 1 10 0
3rd Size	For Four Persons' Use	11 11 0	" 2. 1 10 0
4th Size	For Six Persons' Use	16 10 0	" 3. 1 10 0
5th Size	For Twelve Persons' Use	23 0 0	" 4. 2 5 0

For 27 and 28 Oxford Street, and 71 and 73 Cornhill, London.
Manufacturers, 50 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, and the Winsley Street Electro Works, London.
Price Lists and Illustrated Catalogues free post.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

OZOKERIT (PATENTED).

WOOD TAPESTRY DECORATIONS.

HOWARD'S PATENT.
No. 2,138.
Superceding all other kinds.
SHOW ROOMS.—25, 26, and 27 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

BATHS and TOILET WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON

has ONE LARGE SHOWROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate to those that have tended to make this Establishment the most distinguished in the country. Portable Showers, &c., Pillar Showers, &c. to £5 12s.; Nursery, 18s. to 30s.; Sponging, 6s. to 12s.; Hip, 12s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnaces, Hot and Cold Plunges, Vapour and Camp Shower Baths, Toilet Wares, &c. &c. the Set of Three. WILLIAM S. BURTON, Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 850 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with List of Prices and Plans of the 30 large Show-rooms, post free, 39 Oxford Street, W. 1, 12, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London. The cost of delivering Goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom by Railway is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. Prize Medal, London and Paris.

CASTLES and MANSIONS

Having defective FLAT ROOFS can be made permanently Watertight by the application of PYRMONT ASPHALTE, late "Claridge's Patent."

A LIST of WORKS to which this Material has been applied for FLOORS and ROOFS for upwards of Thirty Years can be had post-free on application to
J. FARRELL, Secretary, Parliament Street, London.

PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in WATCHES.—E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand and 34 Royal Exchange, London, invite special attention to a NEW ESCAPMENT which they have recently introduced for HALF CHRONOMETER WATCHES. The object of this Invention is to correct those Irregularities in the Going which the carelessness of the Wearer might occasion, and at the same time to protect the weaker portions of the Movement from injury. It is particularly recommended to Gentlemen who ride and Officers in the Army. The extra Cost which it involves is £2 2s., and it can generally be adapted to Lever Watches at a cost of about £3 10s.

MR. STREETER'S NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

of JEWELLERY, DIAMOND WORK, WATCHES and CLOCKS, bound in cloth, post free for Two Stamps. MR. STREETER is the Introducer of 18-carat Gold, and Successor to HANCOCK & Co., Limited, 37 Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

LADIES' BEAUTIFULLY-MADE BOOTS for Promenade

or Croquet, 16s. 6d. and 21s. Soft and pretty House Boots, 5s. 6d. Illustrated Catalogues post free, with notice of convenient arrangements for Country residents.
THOMAS D. MARSHALL, 192 Oxford Street, London, W.

PANIC PRICES.—BLACK SILKS.

Messrs. JAY have the pleasure to announce that they have Purchased a large Lot of FRENCH BLACK SILKS at PANIC PRICES. These good Black Silks are now offered to the Public at 25 per cent. cheaper than the same qualities were sold before the War began. Patterns free.

At JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
267, 268, and 269 Regent Street.

TEA.—Rail Paid to any Station in England.—Good strong

CONGOU, 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 10d.; ripe, rich SOUCHONG, 3s. 2d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 10d.; Mixed Tea at the same Prices. 15 lbs. sent Free to all England by THOMAS NUNN & SONS, 44 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. Established 1801.

A DELICATE and CLEAR COMPLEXION, with a delightful

and lasting Fragrance, by using
The Celebrated UNITED SERVICE SOAP TABLETS, 4d. and 6d. each.
Manufactured by J. C. & J. FIELD, UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH.
Order of your Chemist, Grocer, or Chandler.

ICE SAFES and WENHAM LAKE ICE.—The WENHAM

LAKE ICE COMPANY'S celebrated Prize Medal REFRIGERATORS, and new Duplex REFRIGERATORS, Registered 1869, fitted with Water Tanks and Filters, combine every real improvement, and are unequalled for simplicity, efficiency, durability, and economy. The New Double-Door Ice-Water Filters, American Ice Butter Dish, Ice-Cream Machines, Self-closing Champagne Frogs, &c., for use with the Improved Freezing Powders, and everything connected with freezing of the best, cheapest, most modern, and reliable character. Wenham Lake Ice delivered in Town for less than 1d. per lb.; or Packages of 25, 50, 75, and upwards, forwarded into the Country by Goods Trains without perceptible waste. Illustrated Price Lists free at the Office.

WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140 Strand, W.C.

HENRY BRETT & CO.'S MALT WHISKY—OLD IRISH

PARTICULAR—can be obtained through the Agents for the sale of their celebrated "Eau-de-Vie" (O.D.V.) Pure Brandy, or direct from OLD FURNIVAL'S DISTILLERY, Holborn Bars, at 42s. per Dozen, inclusive of Bottles and Railway Carriage.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.

The "WORCESTERSHIRE," pronounced by Connoisseurs "The only Good Sauce," improves the Appetite, and aids Digestion. Unrivalled for Piquancy and Flavour. Ask for "LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE," BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—Agents, CHOSSE & BLACKWELL, London, and by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the World. See the Names of LEA & PERRINS on all Bottles and Labels.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA,

the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.
At 175 New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.